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**H**EAVEN we look upon as our native land; we already begin to hold the Patriarchs as our kinsfolk. There, a great number of dear ones await us; parents, brothers, children, a manifold and numerous assembly are longing for us; they are now in security as regards their own external life, but are still anxious as to our salvation. What a mutual gladness, both for them and for us, in the hour when we are come into their sight and embrace!

St. Cyprian in Matins of the Octave of All Saints Day.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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*Counterattack*

# I Taught Economics

By EDNA LONIGAN

Condensed from *Plain Talk*\*

A graduate of Barnard college who took her M.A. at Columbia, formerly chief statistician of the New York State Department of Labor, Edna Lonigan served for several years as special aide to the Secretary of the Treasury. As expert on old-age security and on re-employment problems, she has also made a study of government control of economic life in Germany and Russia. This article is based upon her experiences as an instructor in one of the larger eastern colleges.

**A**S I WALKED with a light step along the street leading to the college, I was happy that I had decided to teach. It was so restful to think of working with young people. After seven years at the storm center of the New Deal, it would be a pleasant change to be away from politics.

My classroom looked out on the gardens. Before me were 36 chairs, each with a broad right arm for note taking. Thirty-five freshmen gazed up with a

deceptively meek look, a mask the students adopt in self-defense.

Thus I began to teach the hazards of life called economics.

Soon I became aware of a battery of students sitting together in the middle row on the right side, just where they could catch my eye. One was stout and strong-minded, obviously the leader. Every day she and her friends came primed with questions, and with answers from *PM* and Communist-party pamphlets. Later I learned that they used to go to the lunchroom every afternoon and plan their strategy for the next day.

It was the fall of 1940. I had left a Washington buzzing with the new defense program. Obviously we would have three, four, perhaps ten years of high activity, with everything going up, up, up. But the students did not believe it. All their years of high school had been filled with stories of unem-

\* 240 Madison Ave., New York City, 16. September, 1947.

ployment, of a third of a nation poorly fed, clothed, and housed. They knew America was torn by strife between capital and labor. They knew depression was permanent; they knew racial and religious strife was the normal order of things.

I wished to orient them to the future with which they would soon collide. I told them the depression was over. The theme now was industry, production, planes. They would have none of it.

My idea that the students were there to learn economics was a mistake. They already "knew" economics. They knew all about monopolies, sharecroppers, cartels, the patent system, and the cause and cure of unemployment. Their world was peopled with economic saints and economic devils. Wicked businessmen liked people to be hungry and ill-clad. They fired their workers for the pleasure of creating unemployment. Angels disguised as government workers were trying to save the poor.

I tried logic. They always had an answer. Their words expanded or contracted like an accordion. They could draw meanings out or in, as they liked. Their arguments covered everything, like the folds of a tent. One could not find the joints where the steps connected logically, nor make the students follow, from firm words, to any reasoned conclusions.

When everything else failed they had an infallible argument. "Liberals" believed as they did. Selfish reactionaries believed the other way. They

knew, because their high-school teachers had told them so.

Each term I had nearly 200 students. They were lively, humorous, sensitive, hard, serious, calculating, frightened—as people in general are. They could talk ably, even brilliantly, on mathematics, the French monarchy, Spenser or chromosomes. Only when the talk was about economics or politics did the myths appear. Obviously, thousands of students could not have been conditioned so completely to believe the incredible, unless those strange ideas had been presented with strong emotional and moral coloring; unless the same ideas had been presented at the same time to all their friends and companions, so that the young people would know all "forward-looking" people believed as they did.

The universe they lived in could only be understood as a play, a sort of economic *Green Pastures*. The rules were fixed in the beginning and thereafter the characters acted to suit the plot. Facts did not change the picture at all.

In this universe not only the facts but the logic was strange. The students said there was no such thing as truth. All facts were relative, all speakers biased. You could not believe anyone.

This was the real tragedy. The students had been deprived of the whole of our western heritage of truth seeking. They had never heard that all decent men sought the truth as they saw it, and by honest debate separated the core of truth from surrounding error. They had, without knowing it,



come to believe in Authority. If there was no truth, then one must believe the people "on our side."

I should never have found the essential clue if I had not come to know a few students well. Patricia, only 15, stayed after class every day, and asked the most searching questions. She stood with a light firmness as if one foot wanted to run away as fast as possible, and the other was holding her back.

Patricia was logical. She wanted me to explain every step in my argument. I referred her to books: Adam Smith, Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*, Thoreau, Fiske's *Critical Period in American History*, and the magazine, *Politics*. She had never heard of them before, but she read them.

One day Patricia waited and said, "May I ask you a personal question?" I wondered whether it was about my hairdresser or her boy friends.

She asked, "Are you a nazi?" I swallowed, and replied, "Well, you will have to decide that for yourself."

Soon she admitted she had been sure I was a nazi because I had expressed disagreement with the administration. She had gone back to her high-school teachers to ask their advice. They told her that, of course, I was a nazi, if I criticized the government in wartime. It was her duty to tell the college authorities and to report me to the FBI.

She had hesitated only because she could not bear the thought of putting me behind prison bars. But she had taken down every word I said. She had told her friends to do it. She had vis-

ited my other classes, which my vanity had interpreted as an interest in my ideas. She had read every book and article I had mentioned, because she was sure she would come upon the reason for my subversive opinions if she traced my reading habits.

The real explanation of the lack of free thought came from another student. "Do you know," he asked me, "that many of the teachers of social science in the city school system are Communist-party members? The party worked to have history and civics removed from the curriculum, and replaced by social science. When the examinations for social-science teachers were held, their teacher members had all been coached, and were ready to take the jobs."

I had been debating against a conspiracy. Communist teachers picked only the economic and social ideas that helped the party, repeated them again and again. The party wanted to substitute drill for thinking. They knew that once regimentation of thought was established, they could change the identification tag to suit their purposes.

By almost complete control of "social studies," the communists were forming the political ideas of future citizens. The schools were feeding grounds for communist cells in labor unions and in the army. By carrying indoctrination into the colleges, the party was getting a hold on the minds of future teachers and junior officers in the army. Communist influence in the schools had been strong for only a few years, but already the second

generation of graduates, who had been trained as students by the communists, were returning as teachers. One could see their influence in the almost universal acceptance of the delusions about American failure which the students were bringing into college.

When I began to teach, my interest in communists was slight. In Washington, as a member of one of the first committees to aid the Spanish republic, I had watched them take over the organization. It became plain that they were not trying to get aid to Spain, but to make sure that no help reached there from western nations, so that the republic would believe it had no friend but Russia. I had seen members withdraw one by one from the committee, with no awareness of the importance of fighting this deception, and I confess that I had not been too successful in fighting it myself.

Now I found the purpose of my career, my desire to teach young people the truth, frustrated by communist tactics. I had a daily object lesson in the kind of ominous facts which Drs. George Counts and John Childs had summarized in their report to the American Federation of Teachers, *America, Russia and the Communist Party*. In their restrained account of how deeply communist influence had penetrated into the public schools, those two professors at Teachers college, Columbia university, described the Communist party's order for penetration of the schools, issued in 1929. They told how a ruthless minority seized power in teachers' unions; re-

cruited new members among the faculty; launched a campaign of vicious abuse against the Rapp-Coudert committee for daring to send one of their members to jail for perjury.

I did not know, when I first saw the "democratic process" at work among a college faculty, that it was communist inspired. Fortunately, the chairman of our department was a good administrator who skillfully kept out all politicking. In other departments, where two communists, or sometimes, even one, had penetrated, the chairman who did not defer to them would find himself constantly thwarted by unseen opposition. At best, he would have to waste valuable time.

But, at worst, the chairman who was not sure of his ground, and was a candidate for reappointment every few years, could not afford to reappoint teachers to whom a strong minority was opposed. The communists could hold up promotion only of people with permanent appointments, but how many teachers were dropped during their probationary years because of communist strategy no one will know.

For a long time I felt desperately alone. Later I found that other teachers were fighting against use of the classroom for propagandizing. Each of them, too, had been made to feel he was an alien. It was a system.

One distinguished history scholar dared all through the war to question the prevailing myths about Russia. He would read the fulsome propaganda statements, say "What does that

mean?" and quote some pertinent fact from Russian history. He was labeled one of the worst "Red-baiters." Another man, a serious scholar but not yet established, suffered more. Students deserted his classes en masse because of his "Red-baiting."

A strong force against communism was the influence of the president. He was a Social Democrat, a confirmed anti-communist; he had read the literature of both communism and libertarians, and he loved what the students loved, an argument. He had exactly the qualities needed to persuade pseudo intellectuals that their thinking had no depths.

The communists did not like him. He was active in the Committee for Defending America by Aiding the Allies, so he was bitterly denounced as a warmonger. They picketed his home, and called him on the telephone at all hours. They distributed to the students leaflets denouncing him. But he held firm. After a while the opposition abated, and the communist students contented themselves with calling the president a fascist and dictator.

It was not I who first broke through my students' fixed opinions. It was John Stuart Mill.

Patricia, who read everything I suggested, to get data for the FBI, read Mill. She was converted. She kept repeating the sentence, "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would

be justified in silencing mankind."

The words opened to her a new world, of the value of the individual, voluntary association, love of liberty.

I found this true many times. When at last one of the great books or stories broke through a student's trained obtuseness, he was likely suddenly to accept the whole world of liberal standards at once, and race ahead with an eager passion to know the whole story.

A communist bloc, always with a leader, appeared term after term in the classroom. Efforts to show them the truth were useless; but, for the sake of the other students, I opposed their point of view.

Fortunately, I had spent a year of intensive work on dull Russian statistics of production, employment, and cost of living. The communist students who were so well informed on the defects of America had no real information on Russia, though most had attended the party's training schools. They had read the Dean of Canterbury's book, praised by the *Daily Worker*, but they had not even an elementary knowledge of source books. When they denounced Poland and I quoted figures showing that the per capita income of prewar Poland, though low, was four times as high as Russia's, they had no answer. When they talked of our depression, I talked of Russia's man-made famines. When they talked of our poor housing, I quoted figures on the number of families per room in Russia.

Once the communist bloc was shak-

en when I told how the Communist party of Germany, under orders from Moscow, had repeatedly voted with the nazis against the Social Democratic party and the German Republic. At first they would not believe it. When they found that not even the communists denied it, they were silent.

In the meantime, however, the doctrine of liberty was doing its work on the other students. They saw a great deal, once they began to see. And the laugh of the whole class would ring out gaily when they were amused by the twist in an argument.

One young man came up at the end of the hour and said, "Won't you please tell me what books to read? I'm just beginning to come out of the fog." I gave him the *Federalist Papers*. Mill's *On Liberty* was out of print. The communists would not have let their political Bible go out of print.

Another man student told me, "My father says he is awfully glad someone is telling us what business does. He says he has been trying for years to keep his business together for us, and this is the first time he has heard anything but criticism of his work."

Some of the students spent hours with me in the college garden, or drinking sodas in the candy store. Boys and girls came to my home. If there were not enough chairs, they sat on the floor. Over hamburgers and spaghetti, we took apart the communist theories and those of the long struggle for liberty—and put them to-

gether again, so that they seemed like real struggles, linked with problems of today.

Though it was slow, the direction was upward. At Christmas time, in my last year, the students took me to see *Dear Ruth*, and we laughed together at the high-school youngster in the play who telephoned Secretary Stimson every day to tell him what to do about Franco or China.

I was surprised and happy to discover, near the end of the term, that the entire class, except the communist bloc, had been converted to the doctrine of liberty. The communists had created their own antithesis.

I must have taught 1,400 students, boys who were going into the army or into government work, girls who were going into teaching or business or marrying and raising families. It took time and patience to win those I could away from the stultified and intolerant thinking habits the communists had deliberately inculcated. But the results were well worth the many hours of discouragement and frustration.

When I hear people say that Americans cannot be influenced by communist propaganda, I am disturbed. I know that we shall never be free of totalitarian thought until the day when every student in our schools and colleges, and all our teachers and writers, know how hard was the struggle to win our liberties, and how easily they may be taken from us by misguided or subversive minorities.



*Unquenchable devotion*



## Walsingham

By ROBERT WILBERFORCE

Condensed from the *Epistle*\*

**A**T WALSINGHAM in England, in 1537, the superior of the Augustinian Canons, who had been in charge of the shrine for centuries, was hanged outside the gates of the priory for opposing the suppression of the monasteries, and next year the prior and the rest of the community were compelled to assist the royal commissioners in removing the famous statue and in the general destruction which followed.

The first known written account of the Walsingham legend dates from 1465. Shortly after the Norman conquest in 1066, there lived in Walsingham a virtuous and noble lady named Richeldis de Favreches, widow of the lord of the manor. She dreamed that the blessed Virgin led her to Nazareth and showed her the place where the angel Gabriel had appeared to her to announce the Incarnation. Richeldis was told to take the measure of the place, and build a chapel like it in Walsingham.

She did this, and soon, as a place of pilgrimage, Walsingham was unrival-

ed in England, even by Canterbury, where reposed the precious relics of the martyred St. Thomas à Becket.

No rank of society was so high or so low that its occupant should not make a pilgrimage to Walsingham. Kings, beggars, saints, sinners, all went there. Some went from devotion, others to beg for favors, particularly to be cured of diseases at the Holy Wells, others again went in penance for their sins. There were some, of course, who went not from the best motives, for every good thing can be abused. Accordingly, lest men should desert their work and families, becoming nothing more than beggars, trading on the alms of the faithful, the Church began to insist that all who wished to make pilgrimages should first obtain the approval of their bishops. Those who received permission assembled in their own parish church, wearing the distinctive habit of a pilgrim: a long smock, with a hood and a broad hat. Prayers were said, the pilgrim's scrip and staff were blessed, Mass was celebrated, and a final blessing was given to the pilgrims, who then set out on their way.

The pilgrimages of kings and nobles were usually made under escort of

\*St. Paul's Guild, 4 E. 73rd St., New York City, 21. Summer, 1947.



their own servants, and with what convenience the times afforded. The ordinary folk went in groups on foot. The roads were bad and the pilgrimage long. As a rule the pilgrims would spend only one night in any place. If there were a monastery near the route they would go there for the night, for all monasteries near the Walsingham road provided accommodation for pilgrims. They did not cover a great distance every day. When they came to a church or chapel, they went in to say a prayer and have a rest. East Anglia is full of the ruins of these wayside chapels which the pilgrims used to frequent. The road itself was marked out by crosses of stone; the sites of more than a hundred such crosses have been ascertained.

At every shrine in the ages of faith pilgrims obtained tokens cast in pewter or lead; a pilgrim who had been to many shrines came home with his cap or his coat covered with such emblems. The best-known badge was that of the shrine of St. James of Compostela in Spain; it was an actual scallop shell, and eventually became a general sign of pilgrimage. Those who returned from the Holy Land brought with them a badge depicting a palm, whence the name *palmer*, synonymous with pilgrim. At Walsingham the badges depicted our Lady and Child, or the Annunciation, to which mystery the shrine chapel was dedicated.

Pilgrims approaching Walsingham in medieval times saw in the distance the gilded pinnacles of two towers piercing the sky; one was the great

tower crowning the entrance, and the other rose from the center of the church. The church was built at the height of the Gothic genius. It was 244 feet from the central doorway to the far east wall; the nave was 30 feet wide and two aisles were 16 feet wide. In the turrets at the end of the east wall were two staircases, which led to the clerestory passages. Costly tapestries, damasks and embroideries were hung from the passages for all the great festivals.

Pilgrims passed the Slipper Chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine of Alexandria, the patroness of pilgrims. It is one of the most beautiful little churches in England and one of the very few medieval buildings still standing. Quite small, measuring 28 feet, 6 inches by 12 feet, 5 inches, it is orientated to the southeast, an arrangement that allows the sun to rise behind the altar on Nov. 25, the feast day of St. Catherine.

On the north of the priory church stood the chapel of our Lady, measuring 30 by 48 feet, as wide as the nave of the church, and more than half the length of the choir. At the far east of this chapel was a slightly raised stone platform, going back 20 feet, on which stood the glory of Walsingham and of England—a small chapel, built of wood, having its own roof, and measuring 23 feet, 6 inches long, and 12 feet, 10 inches wide. This was the Holy House built by the Lady Richeldis. The chapel had a door at each end, so that the pilgrims could pass through in unending procession. Little daylight penetrated through its small windows,



but the darkness was dispelled by candlelight. The air was heavy with the fragrant perfume of incense and of fresh bay leaves strewn upon the floor.

In the center of the longer wall of the chapel was an altar, on which stood the statue of our Lady, amidst a blaze of votive candles. It was not remarkable for its size, material, or workmanship, but for the graces that had been granted to those who had knelt before it. The blessed Virgin was represented with her divine Son seated on her knee. Mary's feet rested upon a precious stone bearing the resemblance of a toad, symbolical of the evil of sin. Of this toad Erasmus says, "At the feet of the Virgin is a jewel, to which no name has yet been given in Latin or Greek. The French had named it a toadstone (*crapaudine*), because it so imitates the figure of a toad as no art could do the like. And what makes the wonder greater, the stone is very small; the figure of the toad does not project, but shines as if enclosed in the jewel itself. All filthiness, malice, pride, avarice, and whatever belongs to human passions, has been by her subdued, trodden under foot and extinguished."

The walls of the chapel were so covered with precious objects that Erasmus wrote of it, "When you look in, you would say it was the mansion of the saints, so much does it glitter on all sides with jewels, gold and silver." On the altar were placed some of the more valuable objects. Kings, queens and nobles vied with one another in the presents they gave to Walsingham's Holy House.

Now the shrine, all its treasures of piety, the priory itself and the Franciscan house where pilgrims were cared for, have vanished. Not a single thing remains to bear witness to that glory of England which was Walsingham. But although forgotten for three centuries, Walsingham was destined to take its place once more in English Catholic life.

After the late Father Philip Fletcher had founded the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom in the latter part of the last century, he planned in conjunction with the parish priest of King's Lynn, Father George Wrigglesworth, a revival of devotion to our Lady of Walsingham. The ruins of the shrine were within the parish of King's Lynn, some distance away, and as it was not possible at that time to build a church at Walsingham they built a new shrine in the church of King's Lynn, and a new Holy House.

With the approval of Pope Leo XIII, a new statue was carved in wood at Oberammergau, based on a picture at Rome in the church of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, which had been the titular church of Cardinal Pole, last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury. In February, 1897, this statue was blessed by the Pope, and brought to King's Lynn, where it was solemnly enshrined on Aug. 19 in the same year. Whatever spiritual privileges had been granted in olden times to Walsingham as a shrine were now granted to King's Lynn, and ever since a great annual pilgrimage has made its way to the shrine.

In the meantime the Slipper Chapel at Walsingham had come into Catholic hands in a very unexpected way. Although it had been converted into two cottages it was still architecturally intact when it was bought by Miss Charlotte Boyd, a convert. In 1904 she thoroughly repaired it at her own expense, and built near by a small house for a priest to live in, and it has now become the rallying point of devotion to our Lady of Walsingham. The great pilgrimage of the U. S. armed forces after the war was a memorable event, and last September I went from London with the Anglo-Polish pilgrimage in which hundreds of Poles exiled in England, together with many English Catholics, took part. From Cambridge our impressive cavalcade of buses with

hundreds of pilgrims, chiefly men and women in Polish uniform, passed with colors bravely flying over the ancient Walsingham way from Cambridge through Newmarket.

We arrived in Walsingham late in the afternoon and walked in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the Slipper Chapel. There Benediction was given under a canopy in the adjoining field while hundreds of voices sang the traditional Polish hymns of Our Lady of Czestochowa and dedicated their country and their flag to Our Lady of Walsingham.

Perhaps the destruction of Walsingham so long ago may in the end become the means of an even deeper and wider spirit of devotion than ever before.

*Rebirth of an art*

## Capital of French Tapestry

By RÉ SOUPAULT

Condensed from *Travel*\*



JUDGED by its 6,000 inhabitants, Aubusson is merely a little provincial village hidden in a valley in the heart of France, but this village is famous because of an art which has crossed the frontiers of France, and its

name is inscribed in letters of gold wherever people love beauty. Since its renown has spread throughout the civilized world, Aubusson may rightly be called a capital, the capital of tapestry.

Aubusson, flanked by a high plateau, protected from winds and tempests, stretches out along the swiftly flowing River Creuse. Its old houses seem bowed by the weight of centuries.

\*200 E. 37th St., New York City, 16. July, 1947.

For five centuries Aubusson held its glorious position in the hierarchy of tapestry-manufacturing centers. In the middle of the 15th century its industry was in full flower. The tapestry makers of Aubusson sold their products throughout all Europe from Florence to Copenhagen and from Tavisa to Dresden, and even in St. Petersburg. But no art remains at its summit. Slowly the road descends, and the 20th century saw incontestable decadence. The tapestry makers were content to copy old designs. Little by little, purchasers began to disappear. At length the day arrived when Aubusson was without orders. After the outbreak of war in 1914 the crisis assumed disastrous magnitude. The old houses were forced to close their doors. The weavers left the village to find work elsewhere, no matter what nor how. The old people joined the unemployed. Machinery began to rust.

What could be done? It was Monsieur Tabard, descendant of the oldest tapestry-manufacturing family in France and Aubusson, who had the happy idea that was to save Aubusson, restore its glory. He decided, and his idea must have seemed absurd to many who were suspicious of modern art, to call upon Jean Lurçat.

Lurçat is well known in France and all Europe, and he has admirers in America. Originally he planned to be a fresco painter. Before the 1st World War he began to study with a master, who was killed. After his master's death, difficulties increased; lack of materials made it impossible to pre-

pare walls for frescoes. Lurçat was obliged to think of a substitute for mural painting, and found tapestry. He called tapestries transportable murals.

But good tapestry requires elaborate equipment, complicated machines, and specialized workers. Lurçat had none of these. He therefore made tapestries on canvas, and his first work in this new technique had some success. His new creations were large, ten, 20 and even 25 square meters. He trained workers, and with their aid he succeeded in weaving three a year. It was difficult and expensive work. Moreover, certain concessions had to be made in color and delicacy of the design. That was in 1937.

Then Aubusson appealed. Lurçat went to Aubusson. He gathered about him a whole group of young artists.

Lurçat lives in the ruins of a chateau of which only a few towers remain. I had known him for a long time but had not seen him for many years. He is very delicate and reserved, and his wrinkles merely emphasized his subtle and distinguished personality. Outside, the wind howled, for we were atop a high hill which dominates the town in the valley below. During the war it was a center of resistance of which Lurçat was commander. But he never ceased to carry on his art and never lost interest in Aubusson. Seated on the scaffolding he uses to facilitate work on his designs, Lurçat spoke.

"It was not until 1937 that Tabard came to find me," he told me. "You know that Tabard is the oldest family

of tapestry makers in France. This family was already established at Aubusson several centuries ago. Since then, from father to son, the tradition has been preserved until today.

"This young Tabard who bears upon his own shoulders all the burdens of this long line of tapestry makers was in despair. He was afraid that the art was dead."

I returned to the town, but planned to see Lurçat later, for he had other things to say to me. However, I was eager to visit a few of the famous ateliers. Had I not come to Aubusson for that reason?

Do not picture to yourself factories with thousands of workers one beside the other. Little workshops are scattered here and there throughout the houses. They are intimate and home-like, rooms with two or three machines on which are woven the many-colored poems. The tapestries are composed of all the flora and fauna that the eye of the artist alone knows how to capture in surprising perspective, in movements and rhythms which resemble a symphony, and in the rainbow-like colors of the artist's imagination.

As I approached one such workshop I heard from far off the clatter of the machines. Several workers sat on a bench, one beside the other, bent over their work. All know one another, and very often those who are seated together skillfully passing bobbins through threads are relatives. Sometimes the workshops are made up of whole families, grandmother and grandfather, mother and father, daughter and son.

Their gift is in their blood. They cannot hide their astonishment when certain questions are asked them. "How can it be," they seem to be thinking, "that there are people who do not know what it is to turn a crank and to put the threads on a bobbin, who do not know what a comb is, or a flute? What queer people they are, these outsiders."

I learned that a painter prepares the cartoon used as a model for the tapestry. It is a painting on cloth. On it the painter puts all the forms and all the colors with all their nuances: the image as it ought to appear. It is made in the exact proportions of the finished work, since it must serve as a guide to the weaver. It is unrolled as the work advances and it is therefore easy for the weaver to follow its exact forms, even its finest lines. The color tones are numbered in a way which the worker alone understands.

When the cartoon has been completed the worker chooses colors and materials. His eye is keen, refined, extrasensitive; he knows at a glance that a bluish green which must represent the shade cast by foliage cannot be achieved except by a special dye. He knows that the red in a certain flower is not exactly vermilion red but that it demands a slight mixture of yellow. How many blues, reds, yellows and greens there are! They are all of such unheard-of subtlety that no vulgar outsider could ever learn to deal with them. The man to whom I had been speaking learned his craft from his father, and his father learned it from

his grandfather, and so on back to the Middle Ages.

After the chromatic scale has been noted and when the whole list of 1,000 nuances has been established the dyeing commences. Ready-made colors do not exist. The colors must be created by skillful mixing. Many times it is impossible to succeed in creating that particular tone which sings and which is filled with the warmth that a flower demands. How difficult to create that tone which alone reflects the silver of a cloud or of light! Dyeing, as everybody agrees, is the most difficult part of this work.

When the dyeing has been completed the linens and silks are dried. Then they are put on the bobbins; the cranks and wheels turn and bobbins swell with threads of color; they are placed in shelves on the wall and cover the floor. Mother, father, and their pretty daughter revolve the cranks. Other groups of workers arrange the chains, a type of work requiring special skill. Special pains must be taken so that each thread goes on its way without becoming entangled with the others and without being torn. It was impossible not to admire the skillful hands which know how to manipulate material which demands such great pains.

In one of the workrooms they were "dropping a panel." That means that a piece of work has been completed and the various groups of workers gather to assist at this supreme moment. At this stage one sees for the first time the work which has been hidden during the weaving. When the tapes-

try is taken from the machine and from the imagination—for up to this point the work existed only in the imaginations of artist and weavers—and becomes an irrevocable reality, there are cries of delight. I noticed that the dyers were very excited. "Oh look at that emerald green! I told you that it was too blue. And that yellow—it looks like the yellow of an egg, and yet I made every effort to give it a more luminous tone." But even more than the weavers and the dyers it is the artists who are most astonished.

"I struggled for years," Lurcat told me, "to solve the problem which in my opinion is the most difficult, of getting the desired tone. That is the basic problem of the whole art, exactness in nuance. After long thought I found the answer. I created my palette of colors in advance. I established for myself a chromatic scale composed of 40 tones, which I always return to, no matter what I do. Every painter has a color scheme, colors which are his alone. I have five grays, a certain number of reds, blues, greens, yellows. In collaboration with the dyers we have found the formulas to create these colors. It was the work of an alchemist, and it lasted for years, but we have succeeded. Today each color in my chromatic scale has its number. We no longer use vague words or phrases, like 'cobalt blue verging a little on the marine.' We now speak, for instance, of blue number 12, green 6, yellow 15. Your scarf, for instance, is exactly my red 3."

"Does that mean you prepare your cartoon without colors and by merely



marking certain numbers on it?"

"Exactly, look at this;" and he showed me an enormous cartoon on which were written numbers resembling hieroglyphics.

"But," I said in astonishment, "how can you judge the effect of the completed work if you do not see the living colors before you?"

"Isn't the musician capable of composing without hearing beforehand the little notes he inscribes on paper? Of course, a great deal of practice is necessary. My new students have not had it as yet."

I thought of Beethoven, who composed one of his greatest works when he was completely deaf. Just as there is an inner ear so there is an inner eye. The great artist does not have to see colors he knows. Red sings, burns, and lives within him. It is the other people who have to see. It is for them the artist creates.

And so the work at Aubusson proceeds. There is no factory which is not busy. Two million square meters have been woven since 1939 in addition to a number of experimental works or fragments. Those fragments are beginning to be celebrated. As the name indicates, they are sketches made before the beginning of an important work, and sold to eager collectors. On them the artist can experiment with form, color, and tone. As a rule, they

measure two meters by a meter and a half. A certain number of workers devote themselves entirely to this task. The fragments can be compared to the leaves in an artist's sketchbook.

I had an opportunity to examine a tapestry, destined for a church, which was in the process of being completed. In a village of Haute Savoie a church has been built with a mosaic work façade designed by Fernand Leger, a window by Roualt, mural paintings in one of the chapels by Bonnard, others by Derain, and a tapestry, 14 by five meters, to cover the walls of the choir, by Lurçat-Aubusson.

Another tapestry will go to the Museum of the Wine of France, where it will be hung in the room of the Dukes of Burgundy. It measures 100 square meters. It will glorify the wine of Burgundy to which the 15 "ambassadors of wine," among whom are George Duhamel, Herriot and Lurçat, offer homage every year when they gather in this room. They dine, drink, recite poetry and make speeches glorifying wine. This tapestry was created with the collaboration of poets and musicians. Some of their verses and compositions have been used in the creation of the design.

As I left the village, the noise of the workshops mingled with the murmurs of the Creuse, carefree river watching the rebirth of a great art.



**THE** really unjust man falls only once a day, for he never gets up after the first fall.

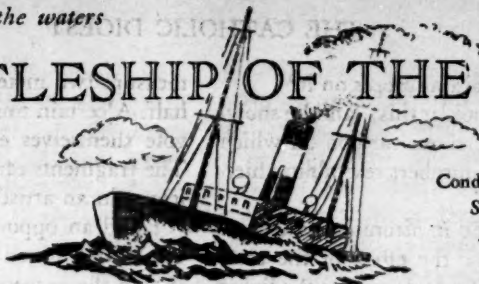
Dorothy Mary Newsom.



*Christ sail walks the waters*

# APOSTLESHIP OF THE SEA

By  
CHARLES A.  
OXTON



Condensed from the  
*St. Anthony*  
*Messenger\**

IT WAS a bleak night in autumn of 1940. The Low Countries had been invaded and France had fallen. In an office in an unprepossessing brick building on the New York waterfront, a heavy-set, red-faced priest sat motionless, staring at the pile of papers on the desk in front of him as if listening, waiting for something.

Almost an hour passed. Suddenly the priest stirred as the telephone at his elbow jingled shrilly. With shaking hands he lifted the receiver.

"Yes, this is the Seamen's Institute," he said quietly. "What? The *Jeanne D'Arc* docked? Thank God. I'd almost given her up for lost when I didn't . . . yes, captain. I'll be down first thing in the morning. Good-by."

For a moment, the priest sat in silence. Then, slowly, the corners of his mouth relaxed as he uttered a short prayer for the continued safety of the crew of the Belgian freighter, actually the last-known vessel to succeed in putting out to sea before the nazis lowered their own "iron curtain" over most of Europe from the Arctic to the shores of Africa. The prayer of the port chaplain summed up the aspirations of one of the most unusual religious societies

in the annals of Church history, an international maritime organization devoted exclusively to the welfare of Catholic merchant seamen, the Apostleship of the Sea.

In 1921 on the banks of the River Clyde in Glasgow, Scotland, the society came into being through the efforts of one man. This man was Peter Anson, a Protestant monk who had become a Catholic at the time his community, the famous Anglican monastery in Caldey, Wales, had come over to the Church *en masse* some years before. Anson, though never a professional sailor, had inherited from his father, a rear admiral in the British navy, a deep, abiding affection for the sea and its sailors.

For years he had followed the attempts to improve the dismal lot of men who for centuries had provided the island empire with the very life-blood of its existence, attempts that failed despite efforts of such organizations as the Catholic Truth society and the Catholic Seamen's union, because of the apathy on the part of the British public.

In the past, a Nelson or a Francis Drake might have won renown for

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio. September, 1947.

daring, but sailors as a class, especially those of the merchant marine, were too often considered little better than ne'er-do-wells, and were treated as such. The few waterfront places supposedly devoted to their care were usually indescribably dirty and badly kept, offering only most primitive conveniences. In them a sailor's morals as well as his purse were in constant jeopardy. As for spiritual guidance and consolation, the idea was so fantastic as to be almost laughable.

One summer evening in 1921, with a burning desire to do something, Anson set out to discuss a plan with a certain Daniel Shields, a Jesuit lay Brother who had been trying without success to enlarge the scope of the solitary seamen's club in Glasgow. Half-way up the misty dock road, the young Scot suddenly found his doubts as to the soundness of his plan swept away by the drunken harangue of a Cockney sailor off an English tanker berating a group of puzzled St. Vincent de Paul welfare workers, "ship's visitors" as they were called then.

"You're wasting your time, mates," he assured them solemnly. "Why put a few jack-tars on the straight an' narrow 'ere? After they ship out they'll be up to all their old tricks. 'Out o' sight, out o' mind,' says I. Am I right, mates?"

For a moment Anson held his ground till the seaman had staggered off into the darkness. Then the light of a sudden understanding broke. That was it exactly: the lack of facilities in foreign ports, absence of any concerted

"follow through" to help those who couldn't or wouldn't help themselves. Most sailors refused to be "Sunday saints" for the benefit of family or friends while they were home. A doubtful distinction, true, that lack of hypocrisy, but a distinction nevertheless, and to Anson the answer was more than obvious.

From that very elementary premise, born of one lone, shorebound layman's concern, came into being the worldwide fellowship of the Apostleship of the Sea. Dedicated to the spiritual, social, and recreational welfare of Catholic seamen the world over, in the years since its founding the society has achieved its goal. In its quarter century of life, no merchant mariner, regardless of race, creed, or color, has been refused admittance to any of its worldwide agencies, the more than 300 seamen's institutes and clubs which dot the coastlines of every continent. Consecrated to Our Lady, Star of the Sea, the apostleship tries to be all things to all men. Through the efforts of Anson, Brother Shields, zealous laymen and clergy in different seaport dioceses, first in the British Isles, then over the empire, and finally over the world, the dignity of each individual soul was brought to the attention of Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Cities like Liverpool, Singapore, Calcutta, and Colombo, Ceylon, whose maritime reputations, to put it mildly, were none too savory, found themselves besieged by men imbued with the one idea of bringing the Gospel of Christ down to the waterfront.

The fruits of their labors were astonishing. Men who hadn't set foot inside a church since youth found themselves making the institute chapels their first place of call once they set foot ashore. Too, in strange ports more often than not they made the institute itself their headquarters until time to ship out again. Quite likely none became saints, but they did become better Catholics—the principal thing, apart from their physical well-being, the apostleship set out to accomplish.

It was not until some 11 years ago, however, that the apostleship took root in the U. S., in the port of New York. Through the efforts of the society's principal "field director," the English Father Rockliffe, a branch was established first in Manhattan and then across the East river in Brooklyn. Other agencies of the apostleship have since been put into operation up and down the Atlantic seaboard, on the Gulf of Mexico, and shores of the Pacific. There are branches in Norfolk and Mobile, New Orleans, San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle.

Like member units in the British Commonwealth from which they have sprung, each institute is a separate entity as regards care and support. Also, though operating under specific charter from the Vatican, they are under clerical jurisdiction of the various dioceses in which they are located. Necessary funds are raised by personal appeals of the individual port chaplains to the various pastors and parishioners within the diocese. Moreover, the laity has so taken to the idea that

in Brooklyn, for example, they have formed what is appropriately called the Rudder club.

At the outbreak of the 2nd World War, work of the society increased a hundredfold. Without attempting to minimize the glorious deeds of our fighting men, we have to acknowledge that the men of the merchant marine kept faith just as nobly. Because of their devotion to duty and because on New York fell the largest share of the burden of providing the ships and material necessary for the North African and European invasions, the most modern, up-to-date institute was erected there. Located in the Erie Basin section of the Brooklyn waterfront, it cost over a quarter of a million dollars to erect. In it is every convenience any merchant seaman could possibly ask for.

Though only brick and stone, it, too, kept faith with those who gave so generously. As Msgr. James H. Griffiths, chancellor of the Military Ordinariate, put it at the dedication ceremony, "Stalingrad and Kharkov and Orel and Smolensk would still be outposts of nazi conquest were it not for the phantom convoys that picked their perilous paths through the ice and fog of the Arctic sea, through the boiling heat of the Persian gulf, to deliver the goods on the bomb-pocked wharves of Murmansk and on the blistering beach at Basra. While we can look with pride on the names of Casablanca and Oran, Tunis and Bizerte, Tripoli, Bengasi, Arigente and Catania, Salerno and Naples, Attu, Kiska, Munda and Ren-

dova, would they have been the symbols of military and naval victory if the obscure men of the merchant marine had not preserved intact the lifeline? If they had not hauled, day after day and night after night in the wake of the fighting men, the guns and planes, the food and fuel without which even the bravest hearts would have been powerless?"

That was the regard and high esteem with which the merchant seamen were showered in days of crisis. In days of peace, the Church has not relaxed her care and vigilance for those who slip into the night in ships to play their part in rehabilitating devastated trade and industry of nations. Shall they revert to their status of over a quarter of a century ago, neglected and forgotten, prey not only to all the vice and corruption found on any waterfront, but made dupes of by every professional communist agitator? The Apostleship has an answer.

Not content to rest on hard-won

laurels, port chaplains all over the world are putting into practice the truth of the maxim that, if the mountain won't or can't go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. Hardly a day now goes by without finding them bustling from pier to pier, personally meeting as many vessels as they are able, extending invitations to Catholic and non-Catholic.

While on shore, they try to make a seaman's time pass as pleasantly as possible. In addition to the routine comforts, mail is processed, held or forwarded; sea bags are stored; wholesome masculine amusements arranged: theater, radio, and sightseeing trips planned for those who desire them. When the ships put out to sea again, the sailors do not go empty-handed. Games of all sorts, fictional and educational books of every conceivable description go with them. If, in the past, the devil found work for idle hands and minds, his efforts should now prove less productive.



### Weinachtsgeschenk

**AN** AP report (Oct. 3, 1947): "With heavy advantages in newsprint supplies, the Russians have started a communist propaganda invasion of western Germany which the U. S. and British are in no position to match, American military government sources said today."

The German edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST (*Katholischer Digest*) published in Frankfurt needs paper from America. We will be able to buy this paper if you will send us gift subscriptions (\$3) for friends in Germany. We shall arrange to have them acknowledge your gift. Because the need for *Katholischer Digest* is so great in Germany, those who have already subscribed to it are asked to authorize us to have their subscription transferred to someone in Germany.



# Marconi:

## Man of Good Will

By HELEN C. CALIFANO

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

Two great men stood ready to speak to the world by short wave, on Feb. 12, 1931, in Vatican City. The first was in white cassock; the second wore the smart white uniform of an Italian naval officer. The world knew them as Pope Pius XI and Guglielmo Marconi.

At the invitation of the Pope, Marconi had erected the powerful station through which both of them were about to broadcast. For its construction he had called upon all the resources of his flourishing business, *La Compagnia Marconi*. Marconi stepped forward, tall and distinguished, more British in appearance than Italian (his mother was English) and extremely agile for a man of 57. He spoke in Italian.

"For about 20 centuries," he said, "the head of the Roman Catholic Church has made heard the word of his divine office in all parts of the world, but this is the first time that his voice can be heard simultaneously and at the one time over the whole surface of the earth. With the help of God who places so many of the mysterious forces of nature at the disposition of

man, I have been able to prepare this instrument which will procure for the faithful of the world the consolation of hearing the Holy Father's voice." Then directly addressing the Holy Father, "Will you graciously condescend to make heard your august voice to the world?"

Pope Pius XI opened his 12-minute address, in Latin, with the message first proclaimed by angel hosts over the starlit fields of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will." Farther on in his speech, he quoted from the Psalms, "Incline your ear to the words of my mouth. Hear, all ye people, lend your ears, O all who inhabit the world. Hear the words of the Lord, and proclaim them to the distant islands."

Millions listened, struck by the marvel which science had placed at the service of God, deeply moved by the stirring challenge of the ancient words, so familiar yet always new.

Marconi bowed his head. It is easy to believe that as he stood there, triumphant, humble, his thoughts must have drifted back to 1894, when he was a young man of 20 and still a member of his father's household at

\**Notre Dame, Ind.* Aug. 9, 1947.



the Villa Grifone near Bologna. Here in a spacious, second-story room, which he had used as a laboratory, he worked on the transmission of telegraphic messages without wires. His laboratory assistant, personal manservant, and devoted friend was Eutimio, a trusted Italian peasant, who had worked many years for the elder Marconi.

One night, greatly agitated, young Marconi had aroused Eutimio, with instructions to accompany him to a near-by hill known as Il Salto, with the usual apparatus and with a small gun. Eutimio followed his master, fearing the pressure of work had addled his master's mind. Reaching the near side of Il Salto, Marconi placed the transmitter, consisting of a Righi vibrator, a Ruhmkorff coil, and a telegraphic key. The vibrator had one end in the earth; the other had been connected to a vertical metal pole with an antenna designed to radiate the waves to the surrounding air. On the far side of the hill he had placed his receiving set, a Morse circuit (electric bell) connected to a second circuit comprising the coherer and a dry battery. The coherer had one end in the earth; the other was joined to a second antenna designed to pick up the waves. He had then returned to his first setup, leaving Eutimio in charge of the receiver. "Pay attention," he told the old man, "and when you hear this small hammer knock three times, fire the gun to let me know."

Now Eutimio knew the cause of his master's feverish excitement. A short

time before, Marconi had succeeded in sending a wireless message with the receiver in sight of the sender. Now he was seeking to send a message with the receiving set hidden behind a promontory. Whatever the next few moments might hold of triumph or defeat, Eutimio would share it. Worriedly he pondered every night noise, fearful of misinterpretation and tricks of the imagination. The silence seemed endless, intolerable. Suddenly he heard a sharp, unmistakable knock, then a second, and a third. Joy clawed Eutimio's throat and filled his eyes. His tense, damp fingers reached for the trigger. A single shot pierced the night's deep quiet, followed by a cry of exultation from over the hill. Practical wireless telegraphy had been discovered.

At Marconi's first triumph, as at his last and greatest, a tested friend was present. His genius was not scientific alone; he was at ease with all men, and invariably inspired their loyalty and affection. Nor was that with Eutimio the first of a long succession of friendships which led up to that with Pope Pius XI. In the maternal solicitude of an aged woman domestic at Villa Grifone, Marconi knew the very first evidence of that devotion which was to follow him to the end of his life. Time and again she had sought him in the most secluded corner of the summer house.

"It is many days that your father expresses annoyance and concern because you do not study. Because I love you I must tell you this. Your father is right. This whole blessed day you have



not opened a book. Nor have you practiced a note of music, though you know how greatly your father hopes that you will become a great musician."

This time the blue eyes flickered with amusement. "But you don't understand. I am studying."

"So you even laugh at me because I am an ignorant old woman. But I know well, though I have no learning, what things are needed by a student. You should have books, and paper, and pencils, not this foolish array of apparatus with which you surround yourself."

At the ingenuous lament of this humble woman whom he regarded as a member of the family, the boy laughed. "But you are mistaken. I assure you that I am working, and with this same apparatus you seem to dislike so much. Someday you will see."

The woman shook her head and returned, unconvinced, to her duties. Nevertheless, she was quite ready, should Guglielmo's conduct elicit further parental disapproval, to announce that Master Guglielmo studied a little differently from other boys of 12, but that he studied just as much.

Another great friendship came to Marconi when he first visited Rome, a thoughtful fair-skinned youth alternately haunted by wasting doubts and fabulous dreams of winning recognition for his invention. At 15 he discontinued all regular study to pursue alone the science of physics and to experiment with apparatus he constructed. Following this, there was long intensive scientific study at Leghorn and

Bologna, where he concerned himself chiefly with experiments in electric waves which had been conducted by the German, Hertz, and by the Italian, Augusto Righi of the Ateneo Bolognese. The latter, using findings of Professor Calzecchi Onesti of the Liceo Beccaria in Milan, had constructed the first electric wave detector or coherer. It was Professor Righi, too, who first kindled Marconi to serious experiment with electromagnetic waves. All this, however, had not added up to a college degree.

The savants connected with the University of Rome at that time, learned men steeped in lifetimes of scholarship and scientific research, held that only scientists holding university degrees were worthy of audience. That Marconi remained to win the respect and cooperation of Italy's leading scientists was due to the propitious friendship of Guiseppi Vanni, professor of physics at the university and later director of the Institute Militare Radiotelegrafico. Convinced that Marconi was a genius, Professor Vanni arranged an informal gathering of colleagues at his home, at which he served coffee, wine, and provocative snatches of Marconi's achievements with hints of marvelous things to come. The result was the opening wedge so sorely needed. Once presented, Marconi was able to go forward on his own momentum. Within a few months he was publicly feted in the streets of Rome.

Marconi was spared the jealousies that so often embitter the lives of the great. Fellow scientists invariably rec-

ognized his extraordinary gifts, and touched by his humility and disarming simplicity, pledged him their support. At the beginning of his career it was Professors Righi and Vanni; at the end it was Professor John Ambrose Fleming, a distinguished scientist in his own right and one of Marconi's most able assistants. It was he who inspired Marconi to abandon the long wave, an arc of 20 kilometers. The objective was that of confining radio impulses to a directed path instead of allowing them to spread out. By the early 20's Marconi had perfected his beam system of transmission, using very short waves.

At the close of 1923 he undertook for the British government to connect England with Canada, and Cape Colony with Australia, by means of stations of only 20 kilowatts (high-powered stations then operating were 1,000 kilowatts), and generating short waves of 30 meters. In a few years the stations were ready. The conditions set by the British government were surpassed. The stations functioned seven days a week from the first minute. Results brought about the abolition of long waves in nearly all long-distance radio communication.

The happy relationship between Marconi and his assistants was never so clearly defined as on the night when wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic ocean first became an accomplished fact. It was in December, 1901, at St. John's, Newfoundland. With a few picked assistants, and in the face of intensely cold weather, Marconi had raised an antenna to an altitude of 100

meters. The receiving apparatus was very simple, a coherer containing drops of mercury, a telephonic receiver, and a battery.

In the dusty barracks, a telephone headpiece clamped to his ears, in the presence of his staff Marconi essayed to pick up a message from Poldhu, a high-power station on a giant spur of Cornwall, 2,000 miles away. A violent storm whipped the North Atlantic into fury. The men stood by, nerves taut, eyes anxious. It was the same scene, but on a grander scale, which had been enacted at Il Salto: of men playing for great stakes and waiting. Each man present was vitally involved, for, as always, Marconi had merged all their dreams into one. Finally, an assistant spoke.

"Even if all is well," he ventured, "we will never know in weather like this. The storm will interfere with transmission."

Then the seemingly impossible occurred. The message transmitted on the Cornwall coast was heard in Newfoundland. For sentimental reasons it was the same message that had startled the good Eutimio in the garden of the Villa Grifone a few short years before. The Atlantic had been bridged, under the worst possible conditions. The hut became an oasis of jubilation. Men embraced Marconi and one another as equals in a mighty triumph. In a letter sent to his wife, one of the men wrote, "By the grace of God we have done it again."

Like a loyal Italian, immediately after his earliest successes, Marconi of-

ferred his invention to Italy; but the government, troubled by military defeats in Eritrea and by internal unrest, saw fit to refuse his offer. Of necessity he turned to his mother's country, England.

From the beginning the English accepted him. They liked his clean-cut person and unstudied elegance. They understood his passion for yachting and motorcycling, for saving lives at sea, his fascination with the hunt. They offered him the great honor of British citizenship. As always grateful for human goodness, and fully cognizant of the graciousness of this gesture, Marconi nevertheless did not accept. He was an Italian, and no country but Italy could ever be his home.

Upon arrival in England in 1896 he took out with the British government the first patent ever granted for a system of wireless telegraphy. In May, 1897, he effected regular transmission from Bristol canal to a station 14 kilometers away and founded the high-power station at Poldhu in Cornwall. By July of that year he was back in Italy. Here he established communication between the Arsenale di S. Bartolomeo a La Spezia and the royal battleship *San Martino*, 18 kilometers out on the gulf. From here on the story of radio begins to read like a tale from the *Arabian Nights*. Tremendous stations went up at Glace Bay, Canada, and at Cape Cod, 5,000 miles from Poldhu. European stations followed: Coltano, St. Assise, Nauen.

If, in those first glorious victories over space, the coherer had remained

the only means of detecting electric waves, progress would have been slow and even compromised. Aboard the destroyer *Carlo Alberto* Marconi continued work on electromagnetic waves, and in time produced a magnetic detector with which he established communication between the *Carlo Alberto* from Spezia to Kronstadt; and at a later date between Poldhu and Golf Aranci. Since the irradiant strength of the discharge depends on the number of sparks per second, Marconi evolved the idea of a spinterometer, a rotating mechanism capable of producing from 500 to 1,200 sparks a second, which sets a musical pattern easily distinguished from the rest of the apparatus even in atmospheric disturbances. In 1909 he received the Nobel prize in physics. This time an entire world celebrated his triumph.

The life of Marconi was one of assiduous labor to the end. His last years were devoted to the adaptation of short waves of 50 centimeters or less, conveyable by parabolical mirrors within limited areas, whether land or small necks of water, for the purpose of guiding ships safely to harbor in heavy fog. Such waves also had possibilities in medical treatment.

Two days before his death he felt a vague presentiment, which resulted in a visit to his friend in the Vatican. That day he asked and received a special blessing from the Holy Father. He died on July 20, 1937, after receiving Extreme Unction. Rome went into mourning, and all the earth was bereaved.

*Tiger of the air*



# Great Horned Owl

By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed chapter of a book\*

**B**Y LATER

autumn, most of the birds that nested and sang in the green summer woods have migrated to regions where the coming months will be less bitterly cold and snowbound than in the northern scene. The time that lies ahead is not a season easily endured: enormous drifts lie over the tops of the weed seeds, threatening starvation; icy gales numb small warm bodies that cannot find a refuge from them, and always, pattering through the snow in the wintry moonlight, are sharp-muzzled foxes with hunger in their bellies, and silent-footed weasels eager for prey.

Few birds find the northern winter bearable. But there are a few; among them is the great horned owl, the tiger of the air. The great horned owl is feathered against the bitterest cold, and it has no insistent need in its spirit for green sunlit leaves or summer sky or the warm earth. A hunter in every season of the deep darkness of the loneliest woods, it has no needs but for solitude and blood. Its fierce wild spirit is not alien to the grimmest seasons of earth, and the icy blackness of mid-winter nights is not less propitious

than a mild May twilight for its silent-winged death errands. In harsh mid-winter, as in summer, the great horned owl can contrive to keep its crooked claws stained with coagulated blood of victims. It needs no more than this to know contentment in its solitary place in the heart of the hemlock woods, and to utter its exultant scream.

The life cycles of most birds begin in May or June, the fledglings entering into a universe of blossoming flowers and shining sky and the scent of growing things. The harsh and somber life cycle of the great horned owl begins, appropriately, in the most formidable time of late winter, the season of final desperate effort among surviving wild creatures to keep alive until the spring solstice. In early March or even February, the owl prowls in the stripped woods, searching an abandoned hawk's or crow's nest. On its enormous wings, five feet in spread from tip to tip, it glides through the tree-tops. When it has found such a deserted cradle of coarse twigs and branches as will serve it, it appropriates the structure, kicks the mounded snow from it, and settles down to the depositing and brooding of its two round, soiled-white eggs.

The season of snows has not ended

\*Lives Around Us. 1942. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., New York City. 221 pp. \$2.

and as the female owl broods motionless in the nest, day after day, snowfalls often drift down on her, covering her tawny back and peaked ear tufts and making a mounded white rim upon the edge of the nest. She disregards this, as well as other elemental happenings which might daunt a creature of less wild savage strength.

The great horned owl's eggs are not laid, as are most birds', in quick succession, but are spaced by several days. Commonly, as winter passes into early spring, the owl nest contains one unhatched egg and one young chick. When the parent owl leaves her nest periodically now, to sail silently through the dark woods, with huge yellow eyes peering at the earth for a stir of hare or deer mouse, the chick maintains fierce guard over the unhatched egg beside it. The chick has nothing of the look or manner of a fledgling soft-beaked robin or any baby bird of the June hedgerows. Thickly down-covered, standing strongly upright upon its powerful, small claws, it stares from its treetop cradle with defiant, gleaming eyes. Its horny beak, hooked for tearing flesh, snaps in a staccato of fury at sight of any passing danger.

The infant owl feeds enormously. All through the night the parents hunt, gliding soundlessly through the darkness to where the partridges roost asleep in the pines, skimming on outstretched wings close to the tree boles, where the white-footed mice have made their tunnels, pouncing in incredibly quick, swooping dives upon

any living thing that can be found venturing abroad in the spring darkness. Trip after trip they make to the nest, bringing squealing prey in their talons.

As week succeeds week, the owl nest becomes littered with picked bones and gobbets of rotten meat, and it takes on the same stench that clings forever to the feathers of all great horned owls: the rank smell of putridity and stale blood. The fledgling owls, like their parents, feed in the characteristic owl fashion. Such small prey as mice and infant rabbits they gulp whole, stretching their hooked beaks and contorting their necks to engulf the morsel; such larger game as hares they tear into bulky chunks. When they have digested the flesh of the food, the indigestible ingredients, hair, bones, and claws of the eaten creatures, are spewed forth in pellets. The owl nest, by the time full spring has come, is piled with regurgitations and the debris of weeks of carnivorous feeding: the little, pointed skulls of white-footed mice, the spines of rabbits, feathers torn out of the warm bodies of small birds. Even the earth beneath is strewn with relics of many hundred deaths.

It is in their 10th or 12th week of life that the young owls leave the nest. They move from it into the fork of a near-by branch, flapping their great wings, preening their smeary feathers, staring down into the dark forest, which now, as adults, they are to make their hunting ground. The young owls look nearly like their parents now.



Their sooty-brown bodies, blotched and mottled with grayish-white, are marked by a facial circle of black feathers; black-webbed tufts like the ears of a lynx rise pointedly at each side of their broad, powerful heads in peaks nearly two inches high; heavy featherings sheath their black-tipped, horny claws. Their cumbrous bodies are almost two feet long now, from beak to tail, and when they stretch their wings the span is nearly the height of a man. They are equipped for adulthood as tigers of the air. They are ready to prowl the darkness, peering this way and that with their yellow eyes, and with silent expertness to spread death among the small inhabitants of the forest.

Before the young owls finally leave the region of the nest, the parents do a curious thing, oddly eloquent of the harsh, wild temper that pervades their life, the mood of violence and fierce uncompanionable aloneness. They go to the rank-smelling nest that has been the cradle of their young, and methodically tear it to pieces. When at last the young owls fly from the region of their birth as a part of the company of adult great horned owls, no sign remains of the place of their infancy—except the decaying litter of little skulls, claws, and pellets of vomited fur.

The adult days of great horned owls are mostly spent dozing in the deep fastnesses of evergreen forests. The owl sits rumped, somnolent, away from the glare of the sun and from all the singing, soaring, and frolicking of other bird life. It remains solitary,

deeply withdrawn into itself, in the kind of gloomy, silent place congenial to its dark spirit.

Only when dusk comes, and the night quietness lies over the woods, does it stir and stare about it with tiger-yellow eyes, and presently lift its enormous wings in flight. No sound does it make as it slips into the dusk. The featherings of its wings are loose and down-tipped, that it may move through the night with utter soundlessness. Quiet as the falling of a leaf is the long, swift, downward glide when the owl has seen a rabbit nibbling in the moonlit meadow grass; unsuspected is the coming of the death it brings. When it has crushed a victim in its stained talons, it repairs, as unnoticeably as it came, to its dark retreat in the farthest forest. Silently, in solitary contentment, it tears the hot flesh, gulps fur and bone. Sometimes, presently, it utters the cry that is the sound of its satisfaction, a snarling and yelping like a fox's, or a hooting squall like the howl of a great cat.

As the years pass, a great horned owl's claws become black with the stainings of blood, and its feathers have perpetually the odor of decay and death. There is also another smell, commingling rankly. It is the smell of skunk. The great horned owl attacks skunks without hesitancy. As it snaps their spines with its talons, it is as unheeding of their stench as it was of the falling of snow in its birth nest, or of any other happening in the violent woods world of which its harsh spirit is disdainfully unfrightened.

*Challenge to charity*

# DISPLACED PERSONS

By EDWARD E. SWANSTROM

Condensed from an address\*

IT is now two years since hostilities ceased in Europe, but the peace is marked by hunger, homelessness, uncertainty and chaos. One group there look to the victors for a restatement of principles, not only in words, but in action. They live in camps and barracks, in the midst of a wreckage such as the world has never seen, in our occupation zones of Germany and Austria and in the British and French occupation zones. They cannot move from country to country, because they have no valid passports; they cannot claim protection of any government, because they have not the rights of citizens of any country. They are utterly helpless to help themselves.

They are known by the cold technical term of displaced persons. During my relief mission to Europe I spent weeks among them, so that the term brings to my mind a very definite picture of need, and to my heart a real feeling of guilt and suffering because up to now so little has been done to meet that need.

About a million displaced persons

still exist in Germany and Austria. I said *exist*, rather than *live*, advisedly. Most of them came to Germany not by their own free will, but because they were forced into Hitler's labor battalions. Many thousands of them were liberated from nazi concentration camps by their allies.

The majority are Poles, since a tremendous number of conquered Poles were brought into Germany as slave laborers. Uncounted thousands of Poles were thrown into nazi concentration camps because they spoke for religious and personal liberty.

When some of the larger concentration camps were entered, it was found that 40% of the inmates were Poles. Among the liberated victims were 750 Polish Catholic priests who had survived the tortures and medical experiments. An equal number of heroic Polish priests died in the camps.

Another group of displaced persons is the Ukrainians, large numbers of whom were also conscripted into Hitler's slave-labor battalions. The Ukrainians, forcibly conscripted after Polish

\*By the assistant executive director, War Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference, at the annual meeting of the Hartford Diocesan Bureau of Social Service, Stamford, Conn., May 18, 1947, as published in an NCWC-America Press pamphlet, Empire State Bldg., or 70 E. 45th St., New York City.

Galicia and the Russian Ukraine were overrun, were for the most part forcibly repatriated to Soviet Russia by virtue of a secret clause in the Yalta pact.

A third group among the displaced persons is the Jews, pitiful remnants of a race upon whom was visited a blood bath such as the world has never seen, and please God, will never see again. There were originally about 80,000 Jewish displaced persons, but their number has been increased by Jews fleeing from Eastern Europe.

A fourth group consists of Balts from Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. Many of them came to Germany as slave-labor conscripts, but others fled their homes when their countries were forced into the Soviet Union. A fifth group is the Yugoslavs who, after having fought with the Allies for freedom, now find that they would not receive freedom should they return to the domain of Tito. There are small groups of other nationalities in the camps, but the million or more displaced persons are composed almost totally of the Poles, Ukrainians, Jews, Balts, and Yugoslavs.

Hitler inducted into his slave-labor battalions more than 10 million men, women, and teen-age children. It is a commentary on our present peace that those slave laborers who were recruited from the western countries, Belgium, Holland, France, Norway, Luxembourg, went to their homelands without hesitation. Delirious with joy, they jumped on already overcrowded trains and trucks and made their way

homeward. The natives of Eastern Europe did not show the same anxiety to return.

The Ukrainians from Eastern Poland saw that their homes and homeland had been handed over to Russia, though never in history had Russia owned that section of Europe. They were, therefore, rendered stateless because of the Yalta agreement. The Estonians and Latvians, Lithuanians, Poles, and Yugoslavs saw that new regimes had been imposed on their nations and feared for their safety if they returned. The Jewish displaced persons felt they could not start a new life in towns and villages which were known to them as graveyards of their innocent, beloved dead. They believed in our promises of justice and freedom and remained in the western zones of Germany.

There is an ancient unwritten right of asylum for innocent persons who flee over borders to escape injustice, persecution or terror. Actually, the U.S. has been built up on the basis of this ancient right, since America's population has been increased by the men and women who fled religious persecution or economic oppression in many countries. Except for a few flagrant exceptions, Britain and America have upheld the right of asylum, which had its origin in the Christian Middle Ages when men who fled from persecution could take refuge inside the holy walls of a church and cry, "Sanctuary!"

It is unfortunate, however, that the sanctuary we have offered the dis-

placed persons has been disturbed by uncertainty and by pressures which have to a certain extent made them lose their faith in the U. S. When I saw them toward the end of 1945, I could not help but notice the tension under which they lived. I visited barrack after barrack, camp after camp. It was the first winter of peace in Germany. The bitter cold could not be alleviated because of lack of fuel and transport.

Many months have passed. I shall never forget the simple gratitude of the people and their desire to start life anew, working for themselves and their children. But they are all still in the displaced-persons camps.

Many areas of the world, including our own country, need the skills of the displaced persons, but no positive steps toward large-scale resettlement have yet been taken. The U. S. army handed over much of the welfare work for the DP's to UNRRA officials, who were not equipped to resettle the DP's. UNRRA made itself obnoxious to the displaced persons through its frequent questionnaires, screenings, rescreenings, and repressive tactics. The DP's themselves began to feel that, although no one was going to put bayonets at their backs to force them to return to their homelands, any method short of this was acceptable as long as it rid UNRRA of responsibility for their care.

It may have been necessary for UNRRA to move large numbers of Polish DP's from camp to camp in the icy winds of a cruel winter, but the

DP's could not be persuaded that it was necessary to evacuate one camp to fill another one 50 miles away, when little children and grownups perished because of the transfer. Not even UNRRA could defend its order closing down Polish schools which had been founded by the displaced persons themselves without UNRRA aid.

When this order was questioned by responsible opinion in the U. S., UNRRA quietly rescinded it. Suffice to say that UNRRA's methods too often seemed to the displaced persons, particularly the Polish and Ukrainian DP's, to be repressive, unjust, and aimed at forcing them to return to regimes which they had renounced. The International Refugee Organization has now taken over maintenance of the DP's in cooperation with the occupation armies.

Voluntary agencies helped from the first. The U. S. War Relief Services sent ten permanent representatives, who were able to hire on the spot a competent staff from the DP's themselves. A fleet of trucks was soon on the ground in Germany distributing recreational and educational supplies shipped from the U. S. as well as food and clothing to supplement the army rations, without reference to race or creed.

The majority of the hundreds of camps have been covered by this fleet of trucks, which carry emblazoned the cross of Christ, sign of mercy and charity. The staff of War Relief Services has also facilitated the immigration into the U. S. of more than 1,500 dis-

placed persons from Germany and other areas.

However, that is a small service in comparison with the work still remaining. The displaced persons who are still left form what is known as the "hard core" of nonrepatriables. No pressures will have the result of making them return to their homelands, now that they have endured so much so long. Appeals have been made to the displaced persons to return to their homelands by responsible American officials but with no assurance of safety in the places to which they were asked to go.

The hard core of the displaced persons awaits positive action on the part of the Allied Nations. In this connection, this is what A. A. Berle, Jr., former Assistant Secretary of State, said, "All Allied nations should be working to clear up this problem. But even if others fail, the U. S. Congress can act. I ask that you and all your friends join in urging that Congress do something now."

"These men, women and children are not going home. They cannot. Some would be killed if they went. Others have been forcibly driven out

of the occupying nations. It comes to this: if the U. S. does nothing, nothing will be done."

Do not be misled into thinking that this is a Jewish problem. About 75% of those people are Catholic. It is a Catholic problem. Our rural dioceses could easily absorb most of the DP's without noticing it. Not even selfishness can justify the argument that there is no room for them in our economy.

Spade work in resettlement is being done by the Inter-governmental Committee on Refugees, aided by the Vatican, which will coordinate all Catholic efforts in this field. In South America as I write is Msgr. John O'Grady, secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, to investigate the terms and conditions of the immigration of large numbers of DP's to the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, and other countries. The National Catholic Rural Life conference is preparing to show Catholic America how it can help, once our doors are officially opened through passage of an act of Congress.

DP's are Christ's children, too, and must be encompassed in the mantle of Christian charity.



### *Light in the Window*

**R**USSIA has been trying to lure the 800,000 Armenians living abroad to settle in Soviet Armenia.

One Armenian had arranged a code with his friends before returning to the promised land. "I will send a picture," he told them. "If I am well off, I will be standing. If things are going badly with me, I will be sitting down." The first snapshot to arrive showed the sender lying flat on the ground.

*Time* (22 Sept. '47):



# Going Ahead With Backward Children

By HENRY F. UNGER

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine*\*

**E**AGERLY the group of popeyed noise-makers churned into the office of the principal, Sister Maureen. They seemed simultaneously to form the same words.

"Judy slapped Ruth real hard. Isn't that wonderful!"

For a moment, Sister Maureen dropped her pen. The bills must wait while she drank in the wonderful news. Judy had slapped Ruth real hard. At first she didn't believe it. But when Ruth straggled in behind the wildly jabbering girls, her right cheek still bearing a faint tint, she knew that the girls were not exaggerating.

A long, broad smile broke across Sister Maureen's face. "Yes, it is wonderful," she said, and then sighed.

There was no punishment for Judy, for this was a different kind of school, Judy, the timid, exceedingly shy girl, had broken out of her shell. She had returned to normal. The whole school seemed to hope for this display of temper on the part of the introvert girl.

Just a week ago, she had hurried to Sister and tattled on the other girls. Sister Maureen had commended her. Even her playmates were happy. Judy was getting well.

Using unusual methods to cure un-

usual children is nothing new at St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts, in suburban Washington, D. C. The methods employed by the Benedictine Sisters are no more unusual than was the founding of such a laboratory.

This came about after a harassed and puzzled Dr. Thomas Verner Moore, renowned psychiatrist, had opened a psychopathic clinic at Providence hospital in Washington, D. C., in 1916. He naïvely assumed that the clinic's work would be mainly diagnostic, and that the children in need of special training would be sent to one of many professional schools founded for this purpose. But Dr. Moore was jolted very soon when he tried to persuade one mother that her child was in need of special instruction. Though he convinced the mother that it was criminal to permit her daughter to grow up in ignorance, she insisted that daughter be sent to a Catholic institution. Investigation revealed only three such schools, none in the vicinity, and none fitting her daughter's condition.

Imbeciles, morons, and children with good hopes of becoming fit citizens after proper schooling were sadly herded into one public institution.

\**St. Benedict, Ore. September, 1947.*

Only a life of misery was the fate of the merely retarded child. But Dr. Moore, now Rev. Dr. Moore, O.S.B., lecturer in psychiatry at the University of Madrid, Spain, saw hope for them. The upper-grade mental defective could be placed in proper hands.

A farmhouse, a near-by garage, three Benedictine Sisters and a postulant from Duluth, Minn., trained for the task, were in September, 1926, the basis for the future novel school. Soon eight students were recruited, and the gigantic task of converting students with low intelligence quotients into practical citizens of the future was launched.

Father Moore, not content with the farmhouse schoolhouse and convinced that "it was imperative to make a distinction between the upper and the lower-grade mental defectives," determined to build the present four-story house on the six-acre property. St. Gertrude's is today one of the few schools offering retarded children opportunity to complete eight grades. It is staffed by six teaching Sisters and one Sister cook, and houses 35 maladjusted girls, who by an educational process are transformed from outcasts or tolerated misfits into useful citizens. Individual treatment trains each girl along the line for which she seems best fitted, even though it be as humble as merely pushing a shuttle back and forth in the process of weaving. Only the heavy debt and slow receipts from the children's parents hold back an expansion program which would take care of a long waiting list of other retarded chil-

dren. Modern and spacious, St. Gertrude's differs completely from state-conducted establishments.

The girls at first indicate no abnormality. And yet every one is a mentally retarded or disciplinary problem (the last, according to Sister Maureen, often a natural consequence of the first condition). Sympathetic treatment by fellow patients would hardly be expected, and yet it is commonplace. The child with epileptic spasms, suddenly gyrating in grotesque movements, is quickly handled by girl companions. She is soothed while Sister is called.

From the very moment a newcomer steps into the congenial atmosphere, there is no time for homesickness. One new student, screaming at the departure of her parents, was quickly quieted by the sudden appearance of a long-time student who commented, "It's nice here. There's nothing to cry about. We're all happy."

To let the girls work at their own level and speed is a principle at St. Gertrude's. A craftsroom seems like an ordinary schoolroom where children are taught weaving, pottery, metalwork, and embroidery, until one realizes that little June is winding a bobbin, possibly the only work of which her poor little mind is capable, or that 11-year-old Gertrude is struggling with a preprimer reading lesson.

Occasionally the Sisters must root out an emotional block preventing intelligent progress.

"We had such a girl," Sister Maureen says, "of eight years, who couldn't read. Her IQ was a low 60. We sus-

pected the parents. Possessed with perhaps one of the finest tempers in the history of the school, the girl would break things and scream violently. We gave her kind treatment, let the other children instill the spirit of the home, and in just three months her IQ jumped to 79. After four years and three months, the girl left with an IQ of 90. This girl had ability right along, but only her stay here brought it out. She had once been badly burned and the shock of it produced the temper and an exceptional brand of selfishness."

Using modern, well-equipped classrooms, the Sisters place the children in beginner, intermediate, and upper groups. Although the rule is to accept no child with an IQ under 65, or who is a delinquent, under special circumstances a child with a 60 IQ sometimes is received. An age limit between seven and 14 years is maintained, but with exceptions even down to four years.

No two cases are exactly alike; hence the special attention to each. One girl's condition may make her repeat every word after her teacher. Patiently Sister will analyze her background. An emotional disturbance must be removed. Kind treatment gains confidence and soon Sister has the girl relearning her grammar.

One girl's condition revealed the parents as the root of the evil. She was brought to the school by the parents and a grandmother, and ordered by them to wear braces on her teeth and given a long list of other directives. Each evening the parents called and

continued to dictate the girl's behavior.

Checking on the girl's home life, Sister Maureen found that she had never been permitted to play with other girls. She had never gone to the store and never participated in the pleasures of other young girls. She had never been on a swing. She was extremely retarded, and could barely struggle through a 1st-grade reader. Quickly Sister Maureen had her playing with other girls. Her shyness vanished. She was sent to the corner store. Her IQ leaped, and soon she was returned to a regular school.

It was different with a seven-year-old girl who at 11 months had been stricken with encephalitis. She was brought to the school before her fifth birthday, barely able to mumble a few words. She was dominated by fear. A harried father insisted that the daughter be taken daily to a speech clinic. For several months she went, and finally mastered many words. The father asked that the clinic double its efforts. But the Sisters saw an emotional problem. They prescribed the speech clinic only twice a week, and more emphasis on religious school and home atmosphere. Kind treatment and patient drilling on various subjects soon brought confidence. Ability to make rugs enhanced her chances for a speedy recovery.

"Today," says the principal, "the girl, through regular school work and contact with other girls, is able to speak fairly well, although many of her phrases are twisted, like a foreigner's."

The Sisters chose to handle only the problems of upper-grade mentally defective or retarded children only because cases of borderline mentality far outnumber those of idiots and imbeciles. Thus opportunities are greater; for children of borderline mental ability can often be saved from becoming social morons and taught to occupy useful places in society.

The Sisters met much opposition, even from some directors of Catholic diocesan charities, who said that this work should be performed by state houses for feeble-minded children. But the Sisters point out that as long ago as the 17th century St. Vincent de Paul had an institute for feeble-minded children in Paris, with systematic training of imbecile and retarded children. Like the Sisters, he replied to objections, "Our Lord chose to be surrounded by madmen and idiots and the tempted and the possessed. They were brought to Him from all parts that they might be healed, and in His loving kindness He healed them all."

That St. Gertrude's school accomplishes much is clear. But the measurement of achievement is difficult. A raw, undisciplined child under the daily religious routine and contact with the Sisters quickly assumes an entirely different external behavior, which usually stems from an interior character development. With one girl development may be rapid, while another may take many years to complete the eight grades. For instance, the Sisters accepted one girl of seven who was educationally retarded. Almost 17, the girl

is still at the school, but now fills a paid job there. An orphan, she will probably remain there for life.

To the Sisters, their work is successful if it has given a girl a happy childhood. This end is immeasurably aided by the permeating influence of the Catholic religion on the children. Many, not Catholics, soon ask to be baptized. One little girl, schooled in saying grace at meals, never forgot her training when she returned to her unbelieving parents.

The day at St. Gertrude's is divided between craftwork and academic subjects. In a modern shop, provided with about 11 looms and other equipment, the girls turn out rugs, baskets and other home furnishings. This class, most enjoyed by the girls, is on occasion omitted because of some outdoor excursion. To make up for the lost time, many girls beg to be permitted to spend their free hours there. Therapeutic values are high: seeing herself achieve, the retarded girl develops confidence in herself.

Progress in the academic subjects, though not as great as by a normal child in the same period of time, does mount up to something of distinct value in future days. The Sisters constantly check behavior, watching for improvements and chances to inject some particular treatment.

Despite the individual treatment in studies, the children are permitted to mingle in recreation and to follow their own bent. Birthday parties are never forgotten, with the students themselves keeping a check on the list.

Goodies received from home are usually distributed among the children by the recipient, thus eliminating the problem of selfishness. To bring about a normal adjustment, the Sisters take the children to beaches and other public amusement spots. The Sisters play ball, roller skate, and mix in the children's games.

"From pupils in the lower grades comes the biggest thrill," Sister Maureen tells you. The newcomers, once their ailment is diagnosed, advance rapidly. For instance, one 10-year-old could write words correctly and yet could not spell them aloud. She was taught phonetics. Once the upper grades are reached, mental advance is slower. From the 3rd grade up, there is more grouping of the students.

The girls live, and thrive, on a strict schedule. They rise at 7:30 A.M. daily, except twice a week, when they rise at 6:30 to attend Mass. Juniors retire at 8:30 P.M., intermediates at nine, while the seniors go to bed at 9:30.

House routines go on as in many homes. The girls learn to wipe the dishes, make beds, and even iron clothes. The Sisters contend that parents in general pamper their children too much. In the case of a retarded child this is dangerous. Here the girls are taught to eat what is placed before them. Many, according to parents and

Sisters, will eat certain foods at the school which they will not touch at home.

High on the list of musts are singing lessons, held twice weekly. Singing songs easily learned, the children quickly lose any inferiority complex. A majority show a marked liking for classical music, and eight are sent out for piano lessons every week.

Since a retarded child is not the result of heredity, nor the fault of parents, the Sisters urge that children be sent as soon as possible. Early treatments return them to normal life more quickly. The Sisters like to consider the girls as being no different from others, except that they are slower and must perform a task oftener to grasp its meaning completely. Once a girl has passed a 5th-grade achievement test, she is released to a regular school, to make room for another retarded girl.

With thousands of retarded children attending our regular schools today, the Sisters of St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts realize that their contribution toward solving the problem is small. But they are proving that the immense problem can be eliminated. Like real pioneers, and in face of financial difficulties, they continue to transform misfit children into able, resourceful citizens.



QUITE often when a man thinks his mind is getting broader, it is only his conscience stretching.

Crow's Nest.



# Secret of the Panchen Lama

By FATHER M.  
HERMANN, S.V.D.



Condensed from the  
*Christian Family and  
Our Missions\**

**I**N THE Buddhist religion there is not one Buddha but a whole series. When one incarnation of Buddha dies the same Buddha is born again in another person.

In the Old Testament the Jews prayed that among their offspring would appear the great messenger from heaven. They longed for the coming of the Messiah. In a similar way the Buddhists today constantly look for the incarnations of Buddha.

Outside Tibet, the best known incarnation of Buddha is the Dalai lama, residing in the famed Potala, a gold-domed palace overlooking the forbidden city of Lhasa. But to the Tibetan Buddhists (known as Lamaists), the Panchen lama enjoys a more sublime dignity. The Panchen lama wields the spiritual sovereignty of Tibet while the Dalai lama holds the temporal power.

Moreover, while the Dalai lama is only the reincarnation of a *bodhisattva*, *Avalokitesvara* (Buddha of Mercy), the Panchen lama is an emanation of the one supreme, eternal Buddha, *Amitabha* (Buddha of Eternal Light). The Panchen lama stands at the very head of the Lamaist hierarchy as spiritual leader of a great host of reincarnations. How numerous they actually are has never been determined.

Political supremacy of the Dalai

lama was established 300 years ago, when the Mongolians swooped down from the north. The conquering Khan of Mongolia, as a gesture of favor, bestowed the government of Tibet upon the Dalai lama. Quick to seize the opportunity, the crafty Dalai lama furthered his power and symbolized his supremacy by erecting the huge fortress-palace, the Potala, atop the Red Peak mountain outside Lhasa.

The Dalai and the Panchen lamas have since been locked in bitter rivalry. As the unquestioned spiritual ruler and greatest of all the incarnations, the Panchen lama has always aimed at taking over the political supremacy as well.

When the Dalai lama leagued with India, after long vacillation between China, Russia and Britain, the Chinese decided to throw their weight on the side of the Panchen. Time and again China declared that the pro-British Dalai lama had forfeited his temporal power, and seconded claims of the Panchen. But the political shadowboxing never succeeded entirely in throwing out the strongly entrenched opponent.

As a result of the Chinese Revolution in 1911, China's power on the "Roof of the World" collapsed. The

snow lands of Tibet again regained their independence. Britain helped to barricade the country against all European influence. But China, refusing to give up the struggle, continued to scheme for control through the Panchen lama.

Because of his partnership with the Chinese, the Panchen lama was forced to leave Tibet after the 1st World War. He wandered for years in China and Mongolia, spending his time at various Lamaist monasteries, waiting for a chance to return. The death of the Dalai lama in December, 1934, offered the long-sought opportunity. The Panchen, with a huge following, entered Outer Tibet in the summer of 1935 and took up residence at the great Kumbum lamasery.

In the valley below the lamasery (which is included within the limits of our Tsinghai mission) I happened to come upon an exciting horse race. Beside the track stood the brilliantly-hued tent of the Grand Lama, whose full title is "the venerable possessor of benignity, the sun of religious truth, the tower of virtue, the conqueror, the most richly blessed." Also an ardent horse fancier, he followed the madly pounding steeds with keen interest.

I ventured close to the royal tent. It isn't often that one can speak to Buddhism's eternally supreme deity in human form. To my surprise, I learned that though he lived in China for many years the Panchen lama speaks no Chinese. Our brief conversation, restricted to mere formalities, was carried on in the Tibetan tongue. I was

thrilled when he concluded with a sincere request, "Won't you come to the palace some time for a more personal discussion?"

Not many days later I was looking up to the towering Red Palace and wondering whether the lama would recall his invitation to a missionary. The fame of Kumbum's lamasery, I felt, was well deserved, I was awed by the magnificence of the huge reception hall. Spread over the floor was a priceless rug from Turkestan. Down from the walls peered paintings of Buddha reincarnations.

The lord of the Buddhist world appeared in a monastic habit of shining sapphire blue, wearing white leather boots. As he smiled his secretary presented me with an exquisite bright blue sash of honor.

The subordinates withdrawing with courtly dignity, we sat down at a low table. The lama wasted no words telling how much he respected the people of the West and their civilization. He had been in frequent correspondence with several statesmen, including Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany.

With more than casual interest he discussed modern science and invention. "When I go into Tibet I shall take along with me the equipment for a good radio sending and receiving station. Then I can remain in close contact with the outside world beyond our giant mountain ranges. I shall build an airfield near my palace and keep an airplane for rapid transportation."

After unfolding his technical plans he spoke of photography. I had to ex-

plain the refinements of my reflex camera to the last detail. By this time the conversation had grown so informal that I felt I could in turn present my personal wishes. I explained the studies I had been making in the field of ethnology by tracing the cultural and religious backgrounds of the Tibetans. My work would be facilitated, I said, were I able to present a pass issued by the grand lama. Without hesitation the Panchen gave orders that my wish be carried out.

Continuing the conversation, he put a number of questions to me, the reason for which I did not understand. Do you develop your own pictures? What languages do you speak or understand? Have you acquired any medical knowledge or experience? Only later I was to discover why he became so inquisitive.

Just before taking respectful leave I asked the 52-year-old lama whether he would permit me to take his picture. He acceded readily. Hastily I set up the apparatus, instructed a servant how to snap the shutter, and took my position beside the lama.

The farewells were spoken. The secretary returned to accompany me to a private room. Here the treasured pass was handed to me. Taking me by surprise, the secretary revealed that the lama wished me to join his entourage when he made his way to Inner Tibet. The lama, he explained, had need of a correspondent versed in European languages, a personal physician, and a photographer. Would I go?

Here was a golden opportunity both

for priest and student of ethnology to unearth treasures that would benefit both science and religion. I accepted at once. But as suddenly as the dream flashed, it collapsed. General Dschau, in charge of Chinese troops leading the lama back to Tibet, though personally friendly toward me, insisted it would be impossible to grant any Europeans permission to take part in the expedition.

The Panchen's scheme of returning to his homeland ran into many snags. Months passed with no progress at all. Two years later I met him again, not at Kumbum but at the Labrang lamasery. The expedition now seemed nearer to realization than before.

From Labrang the lama and his numerous party started out southwestward toward the mighty mountains and the lofty plateaus on the upper Hwang river. Several hundred miles of the world's worst terrain were covered. But before he could hurdle the ridges of Southern Tsinghai, leading directly to Inner Tibet, the Panchen ran into armed resistance. Tibetan troops blocked the high mountain passes.

Leaders on both sides argued for a long time, but without result. Finally Tibet agreed that the lama would be permitted to enter but only with his Tibetan attendants. The Chinese troops would not be allowed any further. The Panchen realized that if he yielded, all his dreams of gaining temporal sovereignty with Chinese backing would burst into thin air.

Faced with defeat, his already nerv-

ous frame broke down completely. He begged that a medical man be sent from Sining (headquarters of our Tsinghai mission) but insisted upon a European, as he had great confidence in the white man's medicine.

His request was never fulfilled. He died Dec. 1, 1937, from anger and vexation, so the Chinese say; though the official report reads quite differently. After his body was cremated and the ashes entombed, the Panchen lama's last will and testament was reportedly found.

"From birth I cherished the intention to associate myself with China and to spread Buddhism," it read. "Only in this way would the five different peoples (Chinese, Tibetan, Mongolian, Naen-Maen, and Mohammedan) be brought close together, for the greater protection of the country.

"For the last 15 years I have traveled extensively in China. The Chinese have always treated me well. I saw that they treasured Buddhism highly and regarded Tibetans as their equals. My heart was greatly consoled. Therefore, I firmly resolved to follow along with China and to spread Buddhism along the Tibetan-Chinese boundaries.

"I intended to return to Tibet. But my intentions were not to be fulfilled. Halfway I shall have to pass into the 'eternal peace.' Now there still remain the following important matters for attention: all weapons in my possession, excepting those needed by my bodyguards and officials, I return to China to help that great land. When I am reincarnated, however, I expect

that China will return them to me.

"Buddha Amitabha's next incarnation will be found among the Chinese. I hope that the Tibetans, both monks and laity, and all five groups of China will fortify the empire well. Great attempts and efforts are to be made that the Chinese and Tibetans get along well together."

Four years later, the Ngul-tchu lama, favorite pupil of the deceased Panchen, came from Central Tibet to Amdo, Tsinghai, in search of Amitabha's reincarnation. He related to me how he had been traveling constantly, investigating every rumor and making the necessary tests to be sure of finding the one supreme Buddha in the flesh again.

The search narrowed down to five possibilities. Two of the five youths lived in Amdo. Satisfied with the information obtained, the Ngul-tchu lama returned to Tibet for the final decision. Weeks and months passed before lots were drawn to decide on the real incarnation. Bamboo sticks were whirled in a vase till one flew out. It bore the name of Lung-rig-djamthso, one of the two Amdo lads.

In a sealed letter bearing the name of the new Panchen lama, a speedy messenger brought the news to Kumbum. With feverish excitement the Lao Kampo broke open the seals. Lamas and Kampos swarmed around for the announcement. The confusion calmed down to a deathly hush as the name was read. Faces fell. Startled surprise gave way to still greater confusion. How could this have happened? Lung-

rig-djamthso had died months ago, on Jan. 1, 1942. News of the selection was suppressed immediately.

Not until Feb. 8, 1944, after countless investigations and false rumors, was the new Panchen, Kal-zang-thsetan, finally discovered. His mother gave his birthday as Feb. 2, 1938. Since the child was born two months after the old Panchen lama died one would wonder how the Buddha Amitabha went directly from one incarnation to the other. Once before there had been an interval of 18 months between the lama's death and his successor's birth. The Lamaists accounted for it by saying, "The mother carried her child for 18 months. That is the special sign of a great incarnation."

But in this case only two months intervened between the lama's death and rebirth. Here again there was no difficulty. "Only in the 7th month did the fetus become animated with the soul of Buddha Amitabha."

Though great efforts were made at finding agreement in the various lotteries that were held, not all the people were ready to accept the result as truth. In fact, one of the "possibles" was set up as a genuine incarnation of Buddha Amitabha, disputing the rights of the officially selected Panchen lama. Other claimants also arose.

Dispute over Kal-zang-thsetan's new title was further precipitated by the fact that he had previously been re-

garded as the incarnation of the Mindol lama. When the new lottery moved him up to the higher status of Buddha Amitabha in the flesh, his place as Mindol lama was taken by the son of a mountain chief.

To cover up the endless confusion and uncertainty in finding the real incarnations, the lamas explained, "A kampo who poisoned the old Dalai lama was reincarnated a demon as punishment for his crime. In vengeance he leaves nothing unturned in hindering the discovery of the new incarnations."

During recent years both the Panchen lama and the Dalai lama were living in our Tsinghai mission territory. In each case I became acquainted with the determining personalities and acquired an excellent glimpse into their machinations and intrigues.

The system of incarnation was invented merely for convenience, and it continues in iniquity and infamy. While the system is preserved to wreath Lamaism in a halo of mystery and to perpetuate the leaders in influence and power, its susceptibility to human scheming may be its undoing.

The Lamaism of the Tibetans has long been regarded as the lowest form of Buddhism. It is still on the down grade. Some day the people living closest to heaven may let down the barriers to admit the messengers of the one true Incarnation.



**A** HOME built at present prices is truly a home of the brave.

John S. Brockmeier in the *Western Catholic Sunday Visitor* (21 Sept. '47).



*Unhonored and unsung*

## BLUFF KING HAL

By "M"

Condensed from  
the *Advocate*\*



NOTHING has been done, as far as I can see, to commemorate the fourth centenary of the death of Henry VIII. In 1547 he died, diseased, lonely, miserable, with none but sycophants at his bed: time-servers, lip-loyalists, cringers, whose eyes were furtively on the watch to see which way the royal cat would jump the moment Henry's sin-riddled soul left his corrupting flesh. There is no pageant to honor this man, on the 400th anniversary of his sorry passing, though the evil that he did lives after him. We will remember him, then, since his own have neglected him, for who can say what thoughts passed through that head which towards the last found the crown uneasy wearing. It is said that he called for Cranmer at the end; it is certain that no other spiritual counselor would be permitted to enter the death chamber at that hour. Cranmer came, and, it is said, related that he asked in Henry's ear, "Do you die in the faith of Christ?" to which the King is said to have answered with a press of the hand. There is another story, told, I think, by Cardinal Allen, at Douai, that there was reason to believe that Henry had died repentant,

but of this there is little proof. In any case, it was a miserable death, as the records go.

The story of Henry is a drama already devised. Shakespeare has used it, although to such poor use that one can readily accept the protestations of the pundits when they declare that he was responsible for only part of the play. It is poor use because the entertainment does not get at the drama at all. One may grant that Shakespeare, writing in Elizabeth's day and careful of her patronage, had to tread warily and could hardly, for all his wit, reflect unworthily upon her late papa. Shakespeare, or whoever it was, was shrewd enough to put the words of prophetic praise about the infant Elizabeth into the mouth of Cranmer, but the real drama of Henry, which Shakespeare could not fail to appreciate, lay in the conflict between the king and his chancellor More, which the play does not touch. But the story of how Henry's mightiness met misery after the parting of the ways is not told in Shakespeare's tale.

The youthful Henry was well favored. In person handsome, popular and educated, and with a kingdom that was on the verge of high pros-

\*143-151 à Beckett St., Melbourne, C. 1, Australia. June 18, 1947.

perity and at the peak of power put under his hand, he had all that could reasonably be expected to make a monarch happy. He was skilled enough to write his famous *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum* in defense of Catholic teaching on the sacraments and the Mass against the attacks of Luther. For this, as the world knows, the Pope bestowed upon Henry the proud title of *Fidei Defensor*, Defender of the Faith, a title still retained, oddly, by Henry's royal successors, and inscribed upon their coins. Henry had about him a distinguished company of good, learned and godly men, in whose counsel he might well have lived to change the whole current of the world's history. There was More: knight, chancellor, and saint, one of the most lovable characters in the English pageant, brilliant light of the Renaissance, wit and humanist, and Henry's friend. There was Fisher, scholarly and saintly Bishop of Rochester; there were Colet, Erasmus, and many another, and there was, too, his noble wife, Catherine. Henry and More, together, were a fine picture as they walked arm in arm. But the best of his friends, England's real glory in those days, were sacrificed when Henry saw the sly glow in the eyes of Anne Boleyn. Catherine was put aside; More and Fisher went to the block, and with them many courageous and worthy martyrs. It is a sign of Henry's regard for his old friends, More and Fisher, that at least they were spared the hanging, drawing and disemboweling practiced on others. But in their place Henry could find

nobody save an inglorious set of scoundrels whose influence was all to the bad: Anne, Cranmer, Cromwell, none of them a friend. Anne's eyes served her, and Henry, badly. He had to get rid of her, and she went to the block. Other wives were hardly any better; he used them, as one writer puts it, as a man uses socks. Cromwell, Henry's vicar-general, was a racketeer, and he, too, suffered the axe, and had to be dragged, whining and craven, to the scaffold. Cranmer, the time-server, hater of the Mass and the sacraments which Henry defended and desired to keep, made Archbishop of Canterbury by virtue of the king's privilege and the taking of an oath of allegiance to the Pope which he publicly renounced, was an evil genius. He betrayed Anne, among others, and can earn no man's respect, save for his chaste use of English in the liturgy which he wrote or adapted from the old religion. Surrounded by these bad companions, Henry, estranged from the Church, and encumbered with an establishment of his own or Cranmer's devising, grew more and more cruel. His body grew swollen, bloated and diseased as his spirit shrank. In the end he had to be hoisted in a machine to the upper parts of his palace. When death came creeping over him, his physicians dared not mention it, so that Sir Anthony Denny, gentleman of the chamber, had to break the news. "The mercy of Christ is able to pardon all my sins, though they were greater than they be," said Henry. That, indeed, is the best remembrance of him.

Fall guys

## Brothers of the Bruise

By JAMES F. SCHEER

Condensed from  
*Columbia\**



OUTSIDE of Hollywood, there's a popular impression that the typical film stunt man doesn't know that Webster's dictionary contains a word such as *fear*, and consequently will perform the most hair-raising acrobatic feat at the drop of a hat. This stretches the truth to the snapping point. Alan Pomeroy, graying stunt director at Warner Brothers and specialist for 23 years in rough-and-tumble brawls, falls from dizzy heights, and car smash-ups, says, "All the experts who are still alive have turned down as too risky about half as many stunts as they've actually done for the camera. And that goes for me, too."

"Not long ago, a director asked me to help him out of a jam. He needed someone to drive a motorcycle down a rugged mountain-ledge road, run into a wire cable stretched across, and, as a result, go hurtling over the cliff. I had done a bicycle trick similar to that at 20th-Century-Fox some years back and had landed on my head. No aspirin could have relieved the pain. I looked at the director, and said it would be impossible for me to make it on the day he planned to shoot the scene."

"Why not?" he asked. "Will you be working then?"

"No. Just loafing around and think-

ing how nice it is not to have a broken neck!"

Pomeroy, once professional boxer, motorcycle hill climber, and professional football player, like other top men in the brotherhood of bruises and bumps—Loren Riebe, Duke Green, Buster Wiles, Sailor Vincent, Cliff Lyons, Harvey Parry—likes to talk about stunts he has turned down for the reason that they are labeled "Death."

"A few years ago I drove out to one of the studio ranches in the valley," he says. "I had hardly slammed my car door shut when the director of an action picture called me over. He asked me and four other fellows to race five motorcycles with sidecars into a deep, narrow pit. We were supposed to take the plunge all together. I said, 'No thanks. That would be a very unhappy ending for me. Keep your \$500. Once this little motorcycle exercise is over, all you will have to do is shovel dirt over the boys.'"

Pomeroy, good-humoredly enough, admits there is an odd twist to his story.

"As it happened, not one of the fellows who did the motorcycle-pit trick was hurt. Not one picked up as much as a cat scratch. But if I were offered \$500 again for the same routine, I

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, 6, Conn. September, 1947.

would turn it down again. Once or twice one could come out of a trick such as this unscathed, but the law of averages is hard to beat, and it's too dangerous to take a chance."

Of the assorted five dozen honest-to-goodness stunt men who carry the brunt of Hollywood's roughest assignments, most are between 40 and 50 years old and have been in the business for from 15 to 25 years. This is evidence enough that they have alert minds, keen judgment in analyzing stunts, and split-second coordination as well as great daring. It isn't only an average income of \$20,000 annually which has kept the men in advanced age brackets at their work. They felt a duty to carry on during the war while younger fellows were wearing uniforms. Some even came out of retirement to help in the crisis. Now they are quitting one by one.

One of the top jumpers-from-tall-buildings and cliffs, Riebe, maintains there are plenty of tricks to be mastered if one wishes to stay away from a hospital bed. "Like a football coach, we figure every play, every setup, and figure out all possibilities to show the camera exactly what it needs to film and still keep from being hurt or hurting others.

"When we race a car smack into a brick wall, or plunge through a glass window, we know beforehand what's going to happen."

Although no union sets minimum prices for this gory, hammer-and-tong work, an unwritten law guarantees stunt men at least \$35 a day for setting

foot on the studio set and what is called "adjustments" for each individual trick, according to its difficulty and danger. One of the least hazardous routines bringing a \$35 check is the free-for-all fight, with faked blows and pulled punches, for western pictures.

Often the fee for an hour's work may seem fabulous. But the studios find it well worth while to pay men to double for their million-dollar stars on the screen. No film company can afford to be penny wise and pound foolish enough to ask their Dennis Morgans, Jimmy Cagneys, Alan Ladds, Robert Mitchums, Gary Coopers, and Dana Andrews to attempt difficult leaps and falls, or to absorb face-shattering punches and bone-breaking kicks. Most stars are neither trained nor equipped to execute intricate stunts and emerge without serious injury. Such assignments are specialized jobs for masters of every athletic technique.

Aviator Paul Mantz holds a record for the largest stunt pay check ever collected from a motion-picture company. In *Only Angels Have Wings* he took a plane off a Utah plateau, nose-dived it into a canyon, smashed the ship to bits, and, amazingly, came out unhurt and smiling, to accept his \$5,000.

But few risky assignments run adjustment fees up into four figures, as in the Paul Mantz episode.

When Roy Rogers is involved in a cinema fist fight, you can bet that his double pockets at least \$35. If Gene Autry happens to fall backward, or is

driven, from a balcony, it is certain his stunt man will receive about \$50. Let Gary Cooper fall headlong down a flight of wooden stairs, and a long, lanky, Cooperish-looking stunt man stops at the pay window for \$75 or \$100. Should the stairs in question happen to be concrete, stone or brick, the fee shoots up \$25 or \$50 more.

Some stunters specialize in horsemanship. A fall from a trained horse brings \$75, while a spill from an untrained horse that doesn't know how to keep its clattering hoofs out of the way offers about \$150. Parachute jumps usually are tagged at \$100.

For speeding a car and skidding it on slippery pavement, a stunt man receives \$75. It may seem to be Don Ameche racing that red convertible into the brick wall, but it really is one of the boys who can afford to take the risk for \$100. Turning over a car is an extremely dangerous assignment. If the vehicle has a steel top, the stunt is worth \$300; if it has not, the trick is worth \$500.

Accidents will happen, but not if the property department has anything to say about them. All sharp objects, principally glass, are taken out of cars, trucks, or trains to be smashed up. Where glass is absolutely necessary for realism, sheet candy is used. It looks and breaks like the real thing but does not cut. Of course, after the car hurtles over the trestle or crashes into a concrete embankment, the double crawls out and the star climbs behind the wheel. Frequently the camera catches him with blood, in the form of choco-

late syrup, trickling down his chin.

Precautions taken in these deliberate car accidents bring an official smile of approval from the National Safety council. Cars are braced with steel supports beneath the hood and reinforced throughout the body with steel. Most of the gasoline is siphoned from the tanks, to guard against fire. The stunt drivers wear safety belts only for head-on collisions. The belts are attached to the vehicle body, rather than to the seat. In particularly devastating smash-ups, drivers wear football helmets (if the camera is not trained on them) and flesh-colored gloves as well as knee pads.

Despite safety nets for jumpers from high burning buildings and jagged peaks, the work is still very dangerous. That is why it is not uncommon for a specialist to draw \$200 and more for a net-fall.

"There's an art to all leaps," says Riebe, one of the great precision jumpers, who, from a height of 60 feet, can land right side up in a two-foot square. "Once the camera is in operation—and our timing has to be right to the fraction of a second—we can't debate whether to jump or not to jump. Any one who has the notion that falling is little more than stepping off into space and obeying the law of gravity, should experience the awful suspense of streaking towards the earth. The untrained stunter sees the ground racing up at him and stiffens like a corpse. And that is what some of them end up as: corpses. Even the old-timer feels a bit of panic at times, but he has to fight



it off and be completely relaxed at the moment of impact."

Every stunt man is insured for \$2,000 by the studio at which he is working. If he is hurt and incapacitated, the film company pays his hospital and medical expenses, plus \$25 a week, with funds from each individual policy. On his own, he can get insurance from Lloyds of London only at the high rates paid by firemen and policemen.

The seasoned stunters thank their lucky stars for the policies. Despite such assurance, however, they are often uneasy—especially when it is necessary to work with rookies learning the trade.

During a rough-and-tumble, the inexperienced fellow often forgets instructions. The heat of the battle mounts and he begins to slug with closed fists, or perhaps he picks up the wrong chair to slam across another person's head, a chair that is not the light breakaway or balsa-wood type.

"The green boys who don't know their way around usually cause trouble," says Pomeroy. "For a railroad-yard fight sequence in one picture, we required 220 men, far more than the available trained personnel in Hollywood. We were forced to make stunters out of extras. Even though pickaxes, shovels, and railroad ties that the boys used to clout and hack one another with were facsimiles made of balsa wood, much real blood flowed. And I mean real blood, not the chocolate syrup kind smeared on by the make-up man. In two weeks of work on the sequence 27 of the 220 men were hospitalized."

Of course, the Hollywood stunt man has his lighter moments, as in the instance of the man who dived in his burning suit and protective wool underwear 70 feet into a tank of water, and then stayed under to scratch until all witnesses were petrified with fear. But by and large, despite all precautions, it's a rugged life.



### *Fish Story*

A NATIVE approached an angler, just about to give up and go home, and said, "Let's see your bait." The angler showed his minnows. Whereupon the native pulled a bottle of corn liquor from his pocket and poured it in the minnow bucket. Then he took one of the minnows and fastened it on the angler's hook. "Now try it," he advised.

Almost immediately there was a heavy strike. After a struggle that lasted half an hour, the angler landed a 15-pound bass. But the fish wasn't on the hook. The minnow had the huge bass by the back of the neck.

*Jobber Topics* quoted in *Quote* (Aug. 10-16, '47).

For "children," a new life

## Sisters of the Good Shepherd

By ✠ ALBAN GOODIER, S.J.

Condensed from the pamphlet\*



THE Good Shepherd nuns follow the rule of St. Augustine, adapted by St. Francis de Sales, modified for their special purpose by St. John Eudes. As you enter the door you will usually find one or two nuns in black. These are the *tourière* or outdoor Sisters, whose special work is to deal with the outside world. They see visitors, go out on begging tours, deal with the tradesmen, dispense alms to the poor, of whom there is always a goodly number at a Good Shepherd convent gate. When you enter the enclosure you will meet other Sisters wearing a cream-white habit with a black veil. These are the choir nuns, who, in addition to the work of the day, sing or chant the daily Office in choir. In a Good Shepherd convent, one is struck by the unity and likeness that exists between the sections of the community. They share the work with one another. It does not seem to matter whether it be an outdoor Sister or a choir Sister who is in charge. The object is the same for all.

That object is the good, the happiness, the salvation and perfection of the hundreds of "children" that have come under their care. You will hear

a comparatively young nun speaking of "the children," and you will find she often means women years older than herself. To the outside world it may sound strange, but it is the secret of the Good Shepherd nun's success. For from the moment a poor sinner enters the institution, no matter who she may be, she becomes a child new-born, and the nun is her mother. She leaves her past outside and begins then and there a new existence. She even gives up her name, and receives another. She is under a new influence in a new family. She is at once engaged in new occupations. She has recreations of a new kind, and nowhere more than in a Good Shepherd convent will you find "children" enjoying themselves as children should. A new life opens out before them.

In what the Sisters call "the class" the women are always occupied, in work, or play, or prayer, almost always singing. They sing in the laundry as they wash the clothes. They sing down the corridors and in the field. In the chapel their singing has a plaint of its own, for most of their hymns have been written for them by the nuns themselves. Not a "child" is willing to be left out of the choir. Such is the "class" of the "penitents." Where they

\*Convent of the Good Shepherd, 5301 Chew Ave., Philadelphia, 38, Pa.

have come from nobody wants to know. The nuns let them stay to the end of their days. They will let some of them, when tried, wear a special dress, calling themselves "consecrated penitents," or, as the nuns call them, the Consecrates. The nuns choose from them the Magdalens, who may bind themselves by vow.

The Magdalens are, in many ways, the glory of the Good Shepherd nuns. You may see them in the convent, in their own department, in brown habit, like that of Carmel, living a life not unlike that of the Carmelite, making reparation, not for themselves only, but for their sisters and for all mankind.

Then in yet another section are the Preservation children. These are orphans, or neglected children, or children whose circumstances might have led them only to misery and evil. Here they are received and cared for; educated until they are grown up. If they wish to leave, a place is found for them. If they wish to stay, they may take their part in the general management of the house.

All this you will find in any ordinary Good Shepherd convent. The sections are all distinct and never meet, except in the chapel. In some countries prisons and houses of detention are entrusted to the Sisters. In others, as in the foreign missions, there is scarcely any work which the Sisters will not undertake. In Bangalore, Central India, there is one Good Shepherd convent which feeds over 1,200 persons a day. That convent includes, besides the sections already mentioned, a section for

destitute Indian women, and a community of native nuns, whose work is among their own people. From the same institution, a hospital near by is supplied with nurses, and when I saw them last, they had just established a huge silk farm and factory outside the city. Today the houses throughout the five continents and in the islands of the East number over 350. They shelter more than 10,000 Good Shepherd nuns and some 3,000 Magdalens. The others we have no way of counting.

The work among the juveniles is the work best known in the U. S. The majority of the 58 houses in the U. S. are devoted exclusively to the training of the "problem girl," so called. The problem girl is not so much herself the problem, as a person facing a problem beyond her solving, a broken home, the loss of parents by death, the carelessness of parents, bad environment, evil companions, school problems, character problems.

St. John Eudes founded the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge, which may be called the mother of the Good Shepherd Order. It was a congregation which came into being, like the saint's other foundations, almost of its own accord. For St. John Eudes was the friend of sinners. Besides his preaching, his very friendship won many souls. But having won them, he had to keep them. Many lived in such conditions that without protection they would almost certainly fall back. He had to find homes for them. He had to provide protectors and friends. He secured both by his Con-

gregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge.

That was about the year 1641. For a long time the Congregation did not greatly flourish; after 150 years it had only 10 houses. But at the beginning of the last century there came a great awakening. In 1814, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, there entered the noviceship Rose Virginie Pelletier, one of the really great women of that generation, who took in Religion the name of Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia. By nature Sister Euphrasia had a wonderful gift for organization. She realized how much could be done by means of the Institute she loved, and she set herself to the task of doing it.

One important reform was, perhaps, her secret of success. Hitherto, the houses had all been independent, each working on its own. If they could be brought together into one, under one Mother General, their power would be multiplied indefinitely. When she was

sent to Angers to found a new house, she made that house a center from which other houses could be founded, all dependent and all directed from the mother house. Thus began the new life of the Order, under the new title of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers. It received the approbation of Pope Gregory XVI on April 3, 1835.

In the U. S. it is represented in the archdioceses and dioceses of Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cleveland, Columbus, Covington, Grand Rapids, Boston, Newark, New York, Albany, Brooklyn, Hartford, Providence, Springfield, Philadelphia, Scranton, Chicago, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, Galveston, Kansas City, Nashville, Oklahoma City and Tulsa, Peoria, Tucson, Denver, Dubuque, Omaha, Portland, St. Paul, Helena, Seattle, Sioux City, and Spokane.



### *Good Chief Coming Up*

IN A SCHOOL in the African jungle the catechist was relating the story of Herod's murder of John the Baptist.

"And now he swore unto her," he read, "'Whatever you shall ask of me, I will give you, though it be half of my kingdom.' Now you," the catechist went on, turning to a 16-year-old African boy, "you may be chief some day. What would you have done if you had made that promise and the daughter of Herodias asked you for the head of John the Baptist?"

The young African thought for a moment. "I should have told her," he answered confidently, "that St. John's head did not lie in that half of my kingdom which I had promised her."

*Pax* quoted in the *Catholic Mission Digest* (Sept. '47).

*Utopia, here we comel*

# The Rich *and* The Poor

By H. GORDON HAYES

Condensed from  
*Harper's Magazine\**



**C**APITALISM is rapidly pushing us toward the dead-level equality that the defenders of capitalism have so scornfully attributed to socialism.

I am not referring to money incomes. Before taxes, personal incomes in the U. S. range from a few hundred dollars to some \$5 or \$6 million. If we measured the spread of our incomes against the 555-foot Washington monument, allowing one inch for each \$1,000 of yearly income, about 50% of the income receivers would be included in the first three inches, some 80% in the first four, and 95% in the first six or seven inches, but the aluminum cap at the top would be found not to reach high enough to measure the income of the most fortunate few. Taxes lessen this inequality, to be sure. Since 1929, when the top 3% of the income receivers got one third of the total national income but certainly paid less than one third of the \$10 billion of local, state, and federal taxes, we have developed a tax structure that reduces inequality. Even so, however, the spread is very large. Some persons have several hundred thousand a year left from taxable income after the Bureau of Internal Revenue has done its worst.

Yet, however unequal money incomes are, *real incomes*, by which I mean the goods and services which are bought with the money, are far less unequal and are almost daily losing still more of their inequality. The trend has long been under way, but has only recently become startlingly evident. Under capitalism, which has long been accused of making the rich richer and the poor poorer, we are narrowing the gap between the rich man's way of life and the poor man's.

Most people think of socialism as being dedicated to equality. But except from the redoubtable G. B. Shaw, there has been little, if any, demand for equality by socialists since the days of Marx. The socialist order in Russia, if Stalinism may be called socialism, certainly practices and encourages inequality of income to a degree hardly exceeded here in the stronghold of capitalism. And there have been no plans for equality under the new dispensation in Britain, despite the bold steps under recent conservative government toward less inequality through taxes on the rich. Conservative writers in this country continue to frighten their more timid readers with threats of the dead level of uniformity to which we



shall be reduced if socialism is not stopped in its tracks. But they should note what capitalism is doing to the inequality which they cherish. They are manning the wrong ramparts.

Mass production is the great equalizer. The richest man in town gets his cookstove, refrigerator, furniture, vacuum cleaner, radio and cigarettes from a common conveyor belt. To be sure, an exceptional man buys custom-built products, and of course the rich buy more than the poor, but largely the well-to-do have things just like those that are found in thousands of poorer homes. The milk that is delivered to the rich man's door, the water that flows through the pipes of his house, and the electricity that he uses are no better, and in not much greater quantity, than those served to the poor.

His telephone receiver is no better than that used by the humblest family, though there may be fewer subscribers on his line. The automobile that he owns is superior in only a few respects to the cheapest standard car on the road. His residence is increasingly an apartment strikingly like hundreds of others; mansions are selling on a distressed market.

The clothes of the rich man and even those of his wife are increasingly machine-made and hence identical with those worn by thousands, if not millions, of other persons. His books, magazines, and newspapers come from high-speed presses, and are identical to the last period with those read by the proletarians.

The marvels of radio now bring to

the poor the music, entertainment, and information heretofore reserved for the well-to-do. Also the best food and best medical and dental service available to anyone are increasingly shared by low-income groups, though in such matters the process still has a long way to go.

In education, too, the differences between the haves and the have-nots is disappearing. Some 70% of the youth of the nation attend high school, and in states like Ohio the percentage rises to 85 or 90. Similarly, colleges and universities are fast losing their standards as clubs for the offspring of old and established families. The data in the Harvard Report showing the multiplication of the high-school population by 90 and of college and university population by 30, between 1870 and 1940, while the entire population was multiplied only by 3, show how rapidly the nation is moving toward educational equality.

The most striking difference among us in scale of living today lies between the income group with, say, \$4,000 a year and above, and the group with less than \$2,000 a year. The difference between the scale of living of, let us say, a man with \$5,000 a year, and one with four or ten or 100 times that much, may still be very real in many instances, but it is being cut down year by year. When we observe this change, we are likely to think of the popular legislation which aids the process, labor and tax legislation, for example; but the most powerful influence is mass production, which makes imper-

ative the wide distribution of an ever-increasing plenty.

To appreciate fully what has been happening, contrast the situation with that in George Washington's time. Then (as Disraeli said many years later) there were two nations, the rich and the poor: tutors for the children of the rich and no schools for the poor; abundance of goods and services for a few and meager pickings for the many.

Try to estimate the days of labor needed to outfit a gentleman of that day with clothes, carriage, and household equipment. On the basis of any reasonable computation as to such labor time, note how impossible it would have been for more than a very few to have been supplied. Today, by contrast, only some five or six days of labor are required to produce the raw material and make, transport, store, and sell an excellent suit of clothes, as anyone can tell by dividing the price of the suit by the average rate of wages. Other items of purchase likewise represent incredibly low costs in labor income. Even the fabulous automobile is produced with the equivalent of a half year of one person's work.

The very success of capitalism is making the capitalist eat, drink, live, and travel more and more like the proletarians who work for him. His employees may still create for him what Marx described as surplus value, but he is having increasing difficulty in translating this into what Veblen called conspicuous consumption.

The relative cheapness of consumer goods today has another important ef-

fect on our economy. Since the rich man has decreasing opportunities to use his income to buy things, he is compelled to save money; but this forced frugality reduces the profitability of investment designed to turn out still more consumer goods. Hence, savings tend to lie idle and make men idle, too, except in unusual periods like the present. Reductions in the inequality of real incomes thus tend to leave us no choice but to adjust money incomes correspondingly, as we have been doing.

How far will this go? Will we all become as equal in our consumption as cattle in a pasture? Perhaps there is no escape from that. For what is happening is that we are solving the economic problem. We are making economic goods more and more cheaply in terms of human effort. That is, we are making them more and more nearly free, current prices to the contrary notwithstanding. And when goods are free anyone can use all he wishes and nobody is rich. The decades are apparently numbered until food will be almost as free as water.

In 1800 some 85 workers out of every 100 were engaged in producing food and textiles; now we do the task with about 15. Ten years hence will we need only 10% of the nation's workers in agriculture? In 20 years, only 5%? It is certainly not impossible, even when allowance is made for the number of workers off the farms making farm machinery and fertilizer.

Solomon Fabricant has computed that in the field of mining, including

oil and gas, there was a drop of 83% in the man-hours required per unit of product from 1880 to 1939. In manufacturing and public utilities, including transportation, there was a drop of 50% from 1899 to 1939. Combining these three lines of endeavor with agriculture, Fabricant concludes that a unit of combined product requiring 100 hours of labor in 1899 was produced in 1939 with only 35 hours.

Such data only emphasize what everyone already knows: that our efficiency in production has been growing at an astounding rate. If the gains noted by Fabricant from 1899 to 1939 were continued for three more 40-year periods, we should by 2059 be able to produce in one hour what took 100 hours in 1899. What is more, the gains may be cumulative. They have apparently always been cumulative, although the snowballing effect of inventions and technical improvement has only recently become vivid enough to attract attention. About 150 years ago steam power was becoming available, some 60 years ago electric power, 50 years ago the internal combustion engine. And now we are on the threshold of atomic power!

It is, of course, not capitalism *per se* that is equating riches and poverty, but rather scientific and technological development, which has been encouraged by both private enterprise and government agencies. No one knows how

much progress we might have made during the last century and a half if some form of collectivism had prevailed. But capitalism has at least not prevented science and mass production from working wonders.

Odd as it seems at first glance, when a society is poor it is practically forced to distribute its goods unequally, but as it becomes richer inequalities must be lessened, and finally eliminated as riches continue to grow. The human race would perhaps still be living in tepees if equality had been strictly enforced from the time of primitive society. Indeed, the amazing progress in productivity in this country during the last several decades rests on the inequality which has permitted relatively few to spend long years in education or research while the rest of the population in a sense supported them.

The first gains in output as a society advances from primitive conditions may be largely retained by the already favored few, but as productivity increases still more, the added flood of goods spills over at the feet of the poor. And as the flood increases there can be no escape finally from everyone's having everything he wants.

What problems will concern us when we have solved the economic one? Life will call for action of some kind, and find some basis for a new inequality. But let us not cross that bridge yet.



THE difference between a prejudice and a conviction is that you can explain a conviction without getting mad.

Crow's Nest.

# Germana

# and the Devil

*"Who roam through  
the world"*



Condensed from a  
pamphlet\*

THE existence of evil spirits, subject to God, cannot be established by human reason; we know of their existence through divine revelation alone. One of the revealed truths of the Catholic faith is that there are good and evil spirits, and that Christ gave His Church the power to drive out devils in His name. This presupposes that there are cases of diabolical possession, such as Holy Scripture relates, and that they can occur in any age.

Possession by the devil means that an evil spirit lives in a person and exercises control over the person's physical organs and the lower faculties of the soul, such as the emotions. Although the devil can greatly influence or impede the operations of the higher faculties, intellect and will, he cannot possess them; for that reason, possessed persons are permitted to receive the sacraments in their freer moments.

Among the certain signs of possession cited by the *Rituale Romanum*, guide for the administration of sacraments and conduct of ceremonies, are the following: speaking in languages not previously known to the possessed person; the person's ability to announce secret or distant happenings; demonstration of abilities and powers absolutely beyond the possibilities of the age and nature of the possessed person. When, after serious consideration, a bishop judges that a person is possessed, he may order a solemn exorcism performed, by which the devil is adjured, in the name of God, to depart.

The following case of the diabolical possession and exorcism of Germana Cele is based on the original reports of Catholic missionaries and mission Sisters. It is therefore a genuine case, and if it serves to remind the faithless and lukewarm of the uncomfortable existence of the devil and his demons and their activity among us, it will serve a salutary purpose. The Church believes in devils.

THE vicariate of Natal in South Africa includes a mission in charge of Mariannhill missionaries, about 20 miles from the city of Umzinto, and dedicated to St. Michael.

Clara Germana Cele, a Kaffir girl, had been baptized while an infant, and at the age of four or five had been placed in the mission school. Her parents were pagans at the time of her birth, and even after their conversion their reputation was not the best. Moreover, the kraal in which they lived was known far and wide for its continual strife.

Germana was slim and tall, quite attractive for a Zulu, talented, an excellent singer, adept in knitting and sewing. Her character lacked calmness and steadiness. One day she would be hilarious; the next, moody and out of sorts; but at all times she was vivacious, easily excited, and inclined to anger. At times she was fond of playing tricks. Blessed with a good memory, she knew everything that went on at the school and mission, and her judgment of others was generally correct.

As far as her public conduct was concerned, she was well disposed, and acted honestly and candidly toward the priests and the Sister Superior. Though

\*Are There Devils Today? 3rd edition. Mariannhill Mission Society, P.O. Box 87, Detroit, 31, Mich.

possessed of a deeply passionate nature, she was openhearted and was never found guilty of falsehood. She was frank about her spiritual life, and candidly exposed her soul with her passions, struggles, sufferings and temptations.

When Germana was 15, she made her First Communion. For some time afterwards her conduct was admirable. Then she became frivolous and for long periods would refuse to receive the sacraments. Finally, her entire being took on a strange aspect, and the unnatural light in her eyes was noted by everyone who met her. On July 5, 1906, she publicly handed to her temporary confessor, Father Erasmus, a slip of paper which pledged her to the service of the devil. How the poor, misguided girl came to make that pledge is still unknown.

Germana began to act like an insane person at times, especially at night. Efforts to quiet her were futile. She would scream and rave, "I am lost! I made an unworthy confession and Communion. I must hang myself. Satan is calling me."

On Aug. 20, 1906, after Mass, Sister Juliana and Sister Luitgardis were discussing Germana's having been suddenly thrown against the wall by some unseen force at the moment of the Consecration. While they were talking, some girls came running, and said, "Sisters, come quick, Germana is being killed!" "By whom?" "We can see no one, but she is being greatly tormented." The Sisters found Germana arguing with some invisible being. Her

head was continually jerked to the left when she asked questions or replied. She wept copiously, and exclaimed, "You deceived me! You promised me beautiful days and now you are so cruel to me!"

The girl was laid on her bed. She raved, tore her dress into pieces, and shook the bed until it creaked. Meanwhile she gnashed her teeth, growled and barked like a dog, grunted like a pig, and shouted, "Sister, call Father Erasmus. I must go to confession and I will tell everything. But be quick, otherwise Satan will kill me."

The terrified Sister Luitgardis sprinkled her with holy water. At this, Germana screamed, "O Sister, you burn me! Let Father Erasmus come; he alone can help."

When Father Erasmus arrived he found Germana carrying on a wild dispute with some invisible antagonist. Two persons seemed to speak through the mouth of the raving girl.

"Who are you?" asked Father Erasmus.

"Yiminia," came the answer, meaning, "It is I."

"Are you Germana?"

"No, I am not Germana."

Then followed a spell of awful howling, grunting, barking, and raving. Again Father Erasmus asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Satan," came the reply. "Our king is Lucifer. His power is great, and innumerable subjects serve him. We were driven from heaven to hell, although our sins are not as great as those of many men."



"Is there a hell?" asked Father Erasmus.

"Indeed," replied the invisible one. "Its fire does not give light, and is not at all like to your fire in any way. In spite of the darkness, we see one another. Christ conquered us by His death on the cross but at present many spirits roam the earth to seduce men. Christ will come a second time on the Last Day. Then we shall be judged again in the sight of all the world. We believe in God but we hate Him."

As these words came from the girl's lips she gnashed her teeth. When the priest placed his stole about her neck she shouted, "Away with the stole! It is heavy and presses me down." When given holy water, she would plead, "Oh, let me alone! That burns!"

Yet in the midst of such scenes Germana would again plead for the prayers of all about her, especially for Masses, that she might soon be freed. But the invisible one would interrupt her, saying, "Germana, keep silent. You are mine. Silence, or—you will see!"

On the days that followed this scene Germana told of many things which she could not have learned in a natural manner, revealing deeds done here and there in secret. She publicly told several boys and girls, especially such as had run away from school, that they had concealed certain sins in confession; and their faces became livid with terror. Repeatedly Father Erasmus emphatically ordered her to cease these revelations, and occasionally she would add, "I am bound by the priest. If that

were not the case, I would tell you terrible things."

Many times the Sisters and girls living in the same house with Germana would see at the window in broad daylight, as well as at night, the figures of frogs and ugly toads, large and small, with eyes afire. The demon in Germana would exclaim, "Ah, here they come from our home down below. Greetings, comrades!" Another prank consisted in violent pounding on doors from about 9 o'clock to well past midnight.

On one occasion Germana lay on a mat on the floor, resting after a severe attack. Sister Juliana sat in a chair and some 30 girls were in their beds. Suddenly Germana screamed, "Fire, I am burning!" Her companions clearly saw flames all around Germana, writhing in pain. Nevertheless, her clothing and cover were untouched with the exception of one garment which showed a burned hole about the size of a dollar.

Often the Sisters and the girls on guard had to prevent the possessed girl from committing suicide.

In spite of the awe-inspiring occurrences, some priests and members of the laity declared everything a fake or the result of hysteria and insanity. But when they were invited to observe the girl and examine her condition, they suddenly lost courage. Even some otherwise brave priests kept aloof. Others called at the house, asked questions, and recited prayers from the Ritual, but, nevertheless, went away defeated. The answers they received were such as only an evil spirit could give.

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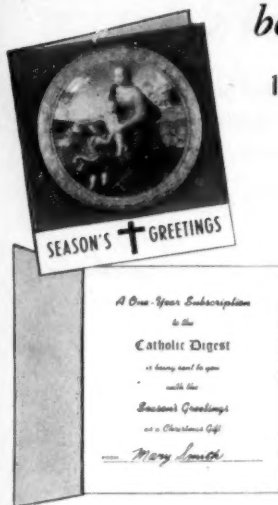
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Some had to battle for their lives when the possessed attacked them or tried to tear off their stoles. However, to Father Erasmus, her confessor, Germana always conducted herself properly. When the demons raved, and eight or ten persons could not manage them, Germana would become quiet as soon as he commanded her.

Germana went to confession and received Holy Communion even during the period of possession. Hearing such confessions was often most arduous, a supreme test of patience, for here, too, the dialogue and double play continued. The priest was often at a loss to know whether Germana or the demons were speaking. Frequently she could not speak; her throat seemed paralyzed. Sometimes she could speak and answer questions, but could not confess any sin. Only the priest's invocation of God's blessing and an order to Satan to cease would bring this about. When giving Holy Communion to the possessed girl Father Erasmus had to proceed very carefully, because Satan continually suggested that she spit out the Host or throw it on the floor.

Shortly before the first exorcism Germana suffered an especially severe attack that continued with slight intermissions all day. The demon's rage was directed in particular against a picture of the Immaculate Conception and one of the holy cross. Germana, or rather, the demon, attempted to spit at the picture of the blessed Virgin, pierce it with a pointed iron, and defile it.

Reprimanded by the attending Sisters, the possessed girl pointed to the wall which separated two rooms, the gable space being open. On this wall, near its upper edge, hung a picture of a crucifix with the serpent at the feet of Jesus. With a mocking laugh, Germana jumped  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet to the top of this wall, dancing back and forth several times a distance of 26 feet.

Suddenly she paused over the picture hanging beneath her, stooped, and poked her right foot at the image, bursting out in scornful laughter and shouting exultingly, "Ha, ha, ha! Now I am above you after all: now I wish to crush your head." She repeatedly kicked at the picture.

When the bishop of Natal, through his vicar general, granted Father Erasmus' request to conduct an exorcism, Germana knew exactly when it was written in Durban and when it was mailed. That evening, while in company of some 30 girls, she began to sing, dance, and play tricks. The girls laughed, and Sister Juliana urged her to be quiet. "Ha, ha!" replied Germana. "Tomorrow the bishop's document will arrive. Then I must depart and leave Germana. Therefore, let us sing, *'Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben* (Oh, it cannot ever continue so)." She composed, impromptu, several comical verses in the same meter as the original song, in the German language, which tongue she had never learned.

On Sunday, Aug. 26, 1906, Father Erasmus had Germana brought to the Sisters' chapel, which adjoins the pres-

bytery of the mission church. A strong girl and one of the Sisters stood beside her in the rear of the chapel. As soon as high Mass began Germana became restive, made grimaces, and began to talk. Her unrest increased, and at the Gospel she was scarcely controllable any more.

During the Offertory Germana rose from her seat and, soaring about five feet in mid-air, floated into the sanctuary and came down behind the acolytes, laughing and joking. A commanding look from the priest forced her back to her pew. Later she turned her back to the altar, and exclaimed, "Adore me!" Ordered by the priest to face the altar, she complied, but said protestingly, "I cannot give honor to God!"

The document granting the request for exorcism arrived on Sept. 10, 1906, and conferred the necessary authority on Father Mansuet, the rector of the mission, and on Father Erasmus. It was decided to begin the ceremony on Sept. 12, at 7 A.M. Besides the two priests mentioned there were present Father Apollinarius, rector of the Lourdes mission in Griqualand, and Father Solanus, rector of Maryvale in Natal.

Germana was rather calm when she entered the sanctuary and knelt down on the *prie-dieu* before the altar. Six adult girls, two youths and a man stood ready with two Sisters to assist if necessary. Father Erasmus exhorted Germana to pray and place confidence in God. Then the priests intoned the Litany of the Saints.

Soon Germana's hands began to jerk; she twisted her eyes, and stood up. After the litany, the priests, following the direction for exorcism in the *Rituale Romanum*, asked the prescribed questions as to the name of the spirit, and the time and signs of his departure.

Germana snarled, growled, and howled so viciously that the priests failed to catch the name of the spirit. Some of the bystanders thought they heard a name like Malek or Balek. Conjured later on, the spirit replied amid pitiful wailing, "Not all of us have names; only the leaders have names."

Questioned as to his departure, he said, "In a little while I must leave. I will leave by way of a window in the choir loft; but Germana must go through the window with me. When she falls dead to the ground I shall descend to hell." The priests would not consent to his taking the girl out through the window, and there ensued more bellowing and raving. It required extraordinary effort to hold her, and finally handcuffs were put on her. Her face became horribly disfigured.

She understood all the prayers and conjurings of the Latin ritual. She answered correctly all the questions asked her in Latin, and raged when called "an enemy of the faith and mankind, cause of death, root of all evil."

At one point of the ceremony she rose. Her face was ghastly; she gritted her teeth, snarled and growled, then with a piercing, plaintive voice Satan cried, "Tomorrow I must leave Ger-

mana. I am not allowed to enter any other person, but must descend into hell. Woe is me! Through that window," pointing to the one in the choir, "I will depart. But that you may believe that I, Satan, have taken possession of Germana, know it was I who burned her dress last night."

At 12 o'clock the priests decided to discontinue the exorcism and to resume it later. Germana was led back to her room. At 5 P.M. the ceremony was resumed in the church and continued far into the night, but without the desired result. She refused to answer any questions, and when the night had far advanced, the exorcism was again discontinued.

Completely exhausted, Germana returned to her room and sank down on her bed. She suffered indescribably. Her arm and left shoulder swelled greatly, her chest expanded, and the veins in her head filled to the bursting point. She moaned and begged for relief; but the attack continued until 5 o'clock, when she fell asleep just before the first Mass.

At 8 o'clock Germana was again conducted to church. She resisted, and when the priest asked her to sit down on a chair in the sanctuary, she turned toward the choir-loft window.

Father Mansuet had gone on a sick call, and Father Erasmus continued the exorcism in the presence of Fathers Solanus and Apollinarius.

Father Erasmus grasped in his left hand the stole which had been placed about Germana's neck and drew it firmly under her chin. With the right

hand he held the Ritual. Eight Sisters and eight large, strong girls were in the sanctuary. All who could, clung to the raving, howling Germana, and all, together with Germana and her chair, were lifted up free of the floor.

When Father Erasmus came to the passage, "I conjure thee, thou old serpent!" she stormed and screamed pitifully, and sought to bite Sister Anacleta's arm. He cautioned the Sister, but she replied, "Then let him bite. I won't let go any more. I'll not be conquered by the devil." While Father Erasmus held Germana immovable, her throat lengthened itself like a snake; striking serpent-like, she bit the Sister's arm, which was around her waist. The arm was covered by the habit, but blisters, such as follow a burn, showed the mark of the teeth and of a burn with a red point in the center such as is caused by a snake bite. It would have been physically impossible for Germana to reach in a natural manner the arm of the Sister.

At this exhibition of rage Father Erasmus continued with renewed faith and confidence. The decisive moment had come. Once more Germana plainly soared aloft above all those about her. She screamed and howled in a manner beyond words to describe, and again sank to the floor. There she writhed and twisted like one in the agony of death and then stretched out full length. All was over: Germana was freed from the terrible demon. The struggle ended at 9:30 A.M., Sept. 13, 1906.

They let the poor girl rest for some

time, loosened her bonds, and then offered a short prayer of thanksgiving before the Blessed Sacrament. She, herself, as far as she had perceived and was aware, bore witness to the time and manner of the spirit's departure. Her soul, she said, was at peace again and she could pray with the fervor of her First Communion day. Voicing her gratitude again and again, she retired to her room for rest.

To make absolutely certain that she was free, the priests renewed the exorcism in the evening; but Germana remained calm, singing and praying heartily with the rest, and declaring repeatedly how exceedingly happy and peaceful she felt. The following day a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the prescribed prayers of thanksgiving were recited.

The exorcism was witnessed by four priests, three Brothers, 14 Sisters, and more than 150 natives.

During this first possession, Germana, or rather the demon, declared again and again he would return, and that the second siege would be more terrible than the first. She also predicted various extraordinary things that would come to pass.

For the present all was well, and Germana enjoyed comparatively good health and conducted herself like other native girls of her age for several months. On March 6, 1907, Father Erasmus left for Europe.

Did Germana's conduct after the exorcism offer any basis for a conclusion as to whether she was actually

possessed or merely suffered attacks of delirium or insanity? In view of the foregoing, it seems that the assumption of insanity is contrary to all logic and common sense. Protestant missionaries, also, who read reports of the occurrences, were convinced that it was actual possession. Germana herself attested to her liberation at the time of the exorcism, and also admitted pledging herself a second time to Satan. She said Father Erasmus had taken her first pledge to Rome. When asked, "Where is Father Erasmus now?" she replied, "In Rome!" giving the street and exact number of the house where he was staying.

On the very day that Father Erasmus left, the symptoms of Germana's second possession became evident for the first time. Sister Juliana was downcast, saying, "It's the old story with Germana, and there is no priest here." From then on she and Sister Luitgardis took turns regularly in staying with the possessed.

During the second possession the attacks were different from those of the first. Germana's neck became stiff as a board; her head bent far back with the result that her face became blue, and her tongue came out, interrupting her breathing. Only when her neck was touched with a relic of the holy cross could she raise her head into its normal position.

Brother Abel, the mission doctor, passed out strong opium pills so that the Sisters and the possessed girl might rest peacefully at least one night. Though she did not know the purpose

of the medicine, Germana took the pills laughingly, and remarked, "Oh, the long-legged fool from Maryvale has given you some medicine for me so I might sleep. Did he ever put a spirit to sleep?" And she raved on for hours, the opium having not the least effect on her.

On Monday of Holy Week, 1907, Germana raved worse than ever. At noon she floated in the air for quite some time about a foot over her bed. Holy Week was a week of veritable martyrdom not only for the possessed girl but also for her guardians. The following Tuesday Bishop Delalle promised to come. He asked that all the faithful be advised and that a novena be conducted.

Meanwhile, the attacks became more striking. Germana would slide about the floor like a snake, and when she moved on her back the head would move up and down while the body followed in serpentine curves. Sometimes she barked like a dog. When the bishop and his colleague, Father Delagues, arrived, the situation was serious, and the Sisters, worn out, pleaded for help. Accordingly the bishop decided on a solemn exorcism.

He instructed priests and Sisters to assemble at 2 o'clock in the Sisters' chapel, from which all other persons were excluded. Shortly before beginning the ceremony he emptied the holy-water font and filled it with ordinary water. In his pocket he placed a little bottle containing holy water. Putting on his vestments, he waited for Germana.

When he sprinkled her with water from the font, she laughed scornfully, saying, "Keep on; that is not holy water." Taking the bottle from his pocket, he sprayed her with holy water. She shuddered and begged him to cease. Throughout this ceremony the bishop spoke Latin only, and the girl obeyed every command, and answered, usually in Zulu, but frequently also in Latin.

Reciting the prayers, he asked, "Tell me, what is your name?" She answered at once, "Tell me your name. Who ever heard of spirits having names?"

"You have a name, and I command you to tell it," he answered.

"Never, never!" came the reply.

As soon as the bishop placed on her head a relic of the cross, which she could not see, she shouted, "Take it away; it presses me down."

"Why, what is it?" he asked.

"A relic," she answered.

"Well, tell me your name."

"I cannot, but I will spell it: D-i-o-a-r."

"Who is your master?"

"I have none."

"Yes, you have, and you must give us his name."

"I cannot, but I will write it." And she wrote with her finger, *Lucifer*.

"Tell me, why were you expelled from heaven?"

"Because God revealed to us His Son as Man and commanded us to adore Him. But we refused, for He had assumed a lower nature than ours."



Thus the exorcism continued from 2 until 9 o'clock in the evening, when the bishop decided to interrupt the ceremony until the following morning. Germana was quieter and begged the bishop not to forsake her. "I am certain," she said, "that it will be easier tomorrow after you have offered Mass for me." "Yes," he replied, "but on condition that early tomorrow you go to confession and Communion."

It was a terrible night, and the poor Sisters had to remain constantly with Germana. Early in the morning she received the sacraments and remained calm until 8:30, when the exorcism was resumed. From the beginning she was stubborn and her hands and feet had to be bound.

"You sent Anastasia away," she complained. "I can see her on the road to another mission in company of another girl. But I will find her." This was true. The bishop had sent her away early that morning, but Germana had no earthly way of knowing it.

A little later one of the priests was called out and returned in half an hour. "Where was he?" the bishop asked the girl. "He went to baptize a man who had suddenly become very ill," she replied, correctly. No one in the chapel had known of the priest's errand.

The exorcism was resumed, and when the priest recited the words, "Thou source of evil, thou seducer of mankind," she shouted furiously, "I did not do that," and began to accuse some of those present. "Be silent," commanded the bishop, in Latin. "You

keep silent. Now is my time to speak and you shall not prevent me from doing so."

Then, bending her knees, she soared into the air to a height of about six feet and stayed there for some time. The bishop looked at her in utter amazement, and she said scornfully, "Do it, if you can!" In spite of the handcuffs, Germana struck about, raged and cursed.

Toward 11:30 A.M., while Germana stood with her back toward the altar of the blessed Virgin, her head was drawn backwards until it touched the floor, but she remained standing on her feet and properly covered. Then, bending like a serpent, the body rested on the floor. The Sisters pressed down her feet, and the priests held her by the shoulders. For a time she raved, and cursing abominably, rattled the handcuffs under her back as she lay face upward. Her face became swollen so that she could not open her eyes. But the sign of the cross restored her face to its natural form. A few jerks and she lay motionless. An indescribably foul odor filled the room. It was almost noon.

Germana seemed dead and her pulse ceased to beat. The bishop and priests looked at each other in anxiety and amazement, felt the pulse, and touched her eyeballs with their fingers—not a sign of life. But about ten minutes later she opened her eyes. She was free; Dioar had gone.

Soon she began to move and weep bitterly. The bishop intoned the *Magnificat*. The Sisters had to assist Ger-

mana to her feet, for she could not stand alone, so thoroughly had the long, bitter struggle exhausted her strength.

Weeping loudly, Germana begged us constantly to pray for her that she might die, for she knew her weakness and the demon's trickery. Almost all afternoon she remained in church, praying.

Germana went to the bishop next day to thank him. He advised her to stay at some station where she knew

a priest in whom she had confidence. He urged her to frequent the sacraments.

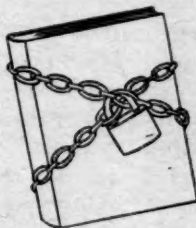
Because of the revelations and charges she made during her attacks, Germana suffered much after her liberation; but she acted humbly, asked forgiveness, and was permitted to remain at the mission station.

Clara Germana Cele lived six years after the second exorcism and died of consumption on March 14, 1913, peaceful and resigned to the will of God.



*Just remember the Commandments*

*Index*



*Bugaboo*

BY WILLIAM J. KERRIGAN

Condensed from the  
*Catholic Messenger\**

EVERYBODY talks about it, but few Americans have seen it: the *Index of Forbidden Books*. As a matter of fact, it's not very important that many see it. I make that statement because, contrary to what most people think, no book written in the United States or by an American, no book written in English in modern times, and few books written in English even in former times are on the Index. The few that are include: 1. several works by English philosophers; 2. some obscure

works, unread in our day, by prominent writers of English literature; 3. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*.

If someone tells you that some popular book is on the Index, ask him whether he saw it there with his own eyes. If he didn't, bet a thousand to one that it's not there at all.

Even Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Machiavelli's *The Prince*, because of their value to students of literature and

\*Davenport, Iowa. Sept. 4, 1947.

of political history, have been taken off the Index.

On the other hand, certain important masterpieces of French literature remain on the Index. They include all the love stories of Balzac; all the love stories of Dumas, both father and son; two novels by Flaubert, *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô*; all the works of Anatole France; two novels by Victor Hugo, *Notre Dame of Paris* and *Les Misérables*; *Jocelyn* and two other works by Lamartine; all the love stories of George Sand; all the love stories of Stendhal; all the love stories of Eugene Sue; all the works of Zola; several philosophical works by Rousseau, Voltaire and others.

It is a mortal sin knowingly to read (not to see a play or movie made from) a notable part (50 pages, perhaps) of a book on the Index without first getting permission. Secondly, it entails excommunication knowingly to read without permission books put on the Index by a special decree of a Pope.

Anybody—this is the joker overlooked by the critics of the Index and by almost everybody else—who has good reason to read any of the books mentioned in this article can get permission to do so.

Books written in our time in any language which find their way to the Index are almost exclusively works of

theology, written by priests, containing errors of Modernism, a technical term for certain theological errors, having nothing to do with "modernism" in the current sense.

We do not mean to say that books not named on the Index may be read indiscriminately; for some books not separately listed on the Index come under its blanket condemnation. They fall (in Canon Law 1399) under 12 heads, of which three are of interest to the general reader: 1. horoscopes and other such superstitions; 2. books attacking religion or good morals; 3. books which professedly treat of, tell, or teach lascivious or obscene things.

It is, of course, usually difficult to determine whether an author is in good or bad faith, or whether he is being obscene *ex professo*. It is the ill will or the obscenity, not of the book, but of the author that the law has in question. The Church has no law against obscene books, surprising though that may be; it has laws (the Sixth and Ninth Commandments) only against sins of impurity, whether occasioned by reading or something else. Don't waste your time reading things like *Forever Amber*, but don't judge rashly all the people who have read it, either, nor let anybody think that the Church dignifies such books by putting them by name on the Index.



**T**HE Venerable Peter Donders, C.S.S.R., who, following his ordination in 1841, spent the first 14 years of his missionary life visiting the slaves working in the jungles of Surinam, mortified himself by never killing a mosquito.

The Pylon (July '47).

Without divinity, no humanity

# Auguste Comte's Mistakes

By LIAM BROPHY

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly*\*

**P**HILOSOPHER Auguste Comte was the chief author of the secularist gospel of our times. His "Religion of Humanity" has been shattered and dissipated by two world wars, and it has been demonstrated that his sociology is not a science at all; his "positivism" is fighting a weak rear-guard action against present-day physics. But the seminal ideas, such as the possibility of human perfection, "Progress," and scientific Utopianism, which Comte scattered through his remarkable works, have fructified in the minds of our modern prophets and publicists, and borne the bitterest Dead Sea fruit produced in the 90 years since his death.

Comte was born in 1798 of a Catholic Royalist family, and there is a tradition that his pious mother dedicated him in a special way to the service of God when, at his Baptism, she named him after the three saints, Isidore, Auguste, and François Xavier, and after Mary, the Mother of God.

The young Auguste displayed an amazing versatility of genius from earliest childhood, especially in branches of mathematics. But at the age of 13 he had abandoned all belief in the supernatural. He lost, too, the moral discipline that the faith and the influ-

ence of a pious family had given him, and thereby set up in his mind a tragic tension which was to bring him for a time to utter insanity.

The genius of Comte was of a constructive nature and delighted in synthesis. Great claims were being made for science in the world in which he grew up. To many it seemed to be the open sesame to all the happiness the human heart could hold. To Comte, even as a youth, it offered the principle of unity which should unite all western civilization. Theology, as he conceived it, had divided men into innumerable warring camps. If, he felt, the scientific method could be applied to political, social and economic problems, men would reach solutions as satisfying as mathematical formulas, solutions that would be acknowledged with universal assent. The philosophy of Positivism came to the young Comte by a swift intuition, and he set himself the task of rationalizing it by close study of those writers who were deemed to be the experts in their particular branches of knowledge: De Maistre, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, Adam Smith, Diderot and Turgot.

In his 25th year Comte published an essay under the ambitious title, *A Plan of the Scientific Operations Nec-*

\*5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, Ireland. July, 1947.

*essay for the Reorganizing of Society.*

The essay shows the amazing degree of erudition he had attained and his talent for choosing what best suited his synthesis from the works of others. It made its author famous even beyond the frontiers of France, for it seemed to offer a new hope to jaded humanity, to fill the vacuum in the hearts of many who had abandoned all faith.

Positivism was so called to emphasize the fact that it would deal with positive, concrete facts as opposed to the "figments" of theology and the abstractions of metaphysics. Positivism would explain the world and life and time not by the intervention of supernatural agents or metaphysics, but by the laws of the positive sciences. The "Law of Three Stages," which was to become one of the magic formulas of Positivism, was outlined in this essay. Briefly stated, it means that by its very nature the human mind must submit knowledge to the threefold process of the fictitious, the abstract, and the positive. Applied to the development of civilization it means that mankind must pass through the theological, the philosophical, and the positive stages. (We may ask of the prophets of "Progress," who were so emphatic about the evolutionary process continually at work in society, what is to arrest that evolutionary process when the respective paradises of Positivism and proletarian rules have been reached.)

Comte wrote books with a rapidity which would have been remarkable in a novelist, but which in a philosopher, dealing with a multitude of subjects

in an original effort of synthesis, is amazing. His chief works, and the ones on which his reputation rests are: *Système du politique positive* (1824), *Cours de philosophie positive* (1839 and the following years), *Cathéchisme positiviste* (1850), and *Politique positive* (1851-54). In them are contained all the tenets of the secularist gospel of our times. By the most ingenious sophistries they separated the belief in the dignity of man from the action of God's grace; diverted all the energies of the innate religious sentiment in men to the natural world; narrowed Christian charity down to social service, and the heavenly kingdom to a scientific Utopia. They have pretended to reduce all truth to scientific truth and have created the modern temper which regards whatever is incapable of measurement as unreal and therefore nonexistent. They have atrophied the sense of sin and set up a facile belief in human goodness and inevitable progress through altering man's environment, ignoring the root cause of human misery, Original Sin. Through the so-called science of sociology they have applied the methods of measurement to that strange organism, society, while society, as W. A. Orton has well said, "is visibly dying from within, and derives what comfort it can from an elegant shroud of statistics."

The "Religion of Humanity" is a compendium of all the tenets of Comte's gospel of secularism. All religions of the past, said Comte, have been only parts of Religion of Humanity, which incorporates them all; the greatest of



them were but parts of a mosaic which the genius of Comte would fit into a final synthetic pattern in the fullness of time. God was got rid of through the Law of Three Stages. Science offered satisfactory explanations for the phenomena of nature that hitherto had been explained in terms of the divine will. As science discovered new laws, Revelation, which attributed events to miraculous or supernatural interpositions, was gradually to be eliminated, and with it the Deity on which Revelation depended.

But before the Deity could thus be logically discarded, Comte had to find some reason for the fact that He had been believed in with such unanimity. Comte did this by asserting that when the laws of nature are unknown, men refer phenomena to the agency of a will like their own, and that they do so by the very law of their own minds. In the early stages of human culture God was a necessary result of the law of the human mind. Religion was then a convenient but imperfect philosophy of life.

Having eliminated the necessity for the Deity in the scheme of things, Comte found the religious sentiment still persisting in the hearts of men. Examining this sentiment, he discovered that it was composed of feelings, such as love, admiration and reverence, which have their appropriate objects among men themselves. Accordingly, he made humanity the object of religious sentiment. By his insistence on the obligations of men to each other, Comte raised the modern watchword,

*duty*, so beloved by those who would supplant the conception of Christian charity by that of *service*.

Phrases like the following are interspersed through Comte's works: "Humanity is the only true being, whose necessary members we are, concentrating always upon Her our thoughts that we may know Her, our affections that we may love Her, our actions that we may serve Her." As Marx presupposed that all the results of Original Sin should disappear when the dictatorship of the proletariat was established, so Comte took it for granted that men would become good and just and noble and true when the Religion of Humanity had been founded. Both were deceived by the illusion that a static maintenance of perfection is possible, believing their respective systems to be the divine event towards which creation had been moving for untold centuries.

It is doubtful whether any human heart has been inspired or ennobled by the Religion of Humanity. It leaves the heart even colder than the Humanist ideal and is conspicuously lacking in disciples among great artists and writers. George Eliot was one possible exception, but she declared, towards the close of her life, that she saw no prospect for mankind save one vast universal act of suicide. Her poem, *O May I Join the Choir Invisible*, is the only notable piece of literature inspired by Positivism. This hymn of the new religion is no *sursum corda*, since its authoress owned no deity to which the heart might be uplifted, but speaks in

lines of pathetic beauty of "the better, truer self that sobbed religiously in yearning song, that watched to ease the burden of the world," enduring

*till human Time  
shall fold its eyelids, and the hu-  
man sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within  
the tomb  
Unread forever.*

The impression conveyed by a perusal of the *Cours de philosophie positive* is that the author had abandoned some great and spacious home and resolved on building a narrower dwelling for himself that should leave no room for mysteries to trouble the soul. Comte

did indeed build such a house, but it was built on sand. Positivism, like Marxism, and to a greater extent than Marxism, was bound up with ephemeral scientific hypotheses. The advances in modern physics have revealed how insubstantial were the scientific "certainties" on which Positivism was based. The Religion of Humanity was boldly planned and ingeniously constructed. But philosophy, which depends on pure reason, can never be fashioned into a religion, which depends on faith. The Religion of Humanity, despite Comte's anti-metaphysical bias and claim of originality, is a metaphysical notion as old as the Stoics.



### *Not Only for Salesmen*

A SALESMAN dreamed that he had gone into the next life. There he found all former salesmen separated into two groups, the failures lodged in one place, the successes in another.

He watched the failures, a thin, hungry-looking mob, while the waiters came in to serve dinner. A waiter went down one side of a table and up the other laying out great platters of delicious food, but strangely enough, he was preceded by another waiter who affixed to each diner's arm a long iron spoon. This spoon rendered the arm absolutely rigid, so that it could not be bent at the elbow. As a result the men could not eat.

The new arrival then went to see the successes, whose dwelling place was that of a multitude of genial, well-fed, happy gentlemen. There he witnessed the same procedure he had seen in the other place. But here the long spoon rigidly fixed to the arm of each diner proved no impediment whatever. Each man dipped his spoon into the food and fed the man seated next to him!

Returning to the first group, he met an old competitor, asked him why they didn't do the same thing, and got the reply, "I'm starving, and I should feed that dirty crook next to me?"

*The Wall Street Journal* quoted in the *Midland Cooperator* (13 Aug. '47).

# Propriety of Miracles

By C. S. LEWIS

Condensed chapter of a book\*

MANY persons who really believe in God feel that working miracles is unworthy of Him. Only petty and capricious tyrants break their own laws, they say; good and wise kings obey them. Only an incompetent workman will produce work which needs to be interfered with. Miracles do interrupt the orderly march of events, the steady development of nature. That regular march seems to such critics as I have in mind much more impressive than any miracle. Looking up at the night sky, they feel it almost impious to suppose that God should sometimes unsay what He has once said with such magnificence. This feeling springs from deep and noble sources in the mind, yet it is founded on an error.

When English schoolboys begin to make Latin verses at school they are very properly forbidden to have what is technically called "a spondee in the fifth foot." It is a good rule for boys because the normal hexameter does not have a spondee there; if boys were allowed to use this abnormal form they would be constantly doing it for convenience, and might never get the typical music of a hexameter into their heads at all. But when the boys come to read Virgil they find that Virgil does the very thing they have been for-

bidden to do—not very often, but not so very rarely either. In the same way, young persons who have just learned how to write English rhyming verse, may be shocked at finding "bad" rhymes (i.e., half rhymes) in the great poets. Even in carpentry or car driving or surgery there are, I expect, "licenses," abnormal ways of doing things, which the master will use himself both safely and judiciously but which he would think it unwise to teach his pupils.

One often finds that the beginner, who has just mastered the strict formal rules, is overpunctilious and pedantic about them. And the mere critic, who is never going to begin himself, may be more pedantic still. The classical critics were shocked at the irregularity or "licenses" of Shakespeare. A stupid schoolboy might think that the abnormal hexameters of Virgil, or the half rhymes of the English poets, were due to incompetence. In reality, of course, every one of them is there for a purpose and breaks the superficial regularity of the meter in obedience to a higher, subtler law.

There are rules behind the rules, and a unity deeper than uniformity. A supreme workman will never break by one note or one syllable or one stroke

\*Miracles. 1947. The Macmillan Co., 60 5th Ave., New York City. 216 pp. \$2.50.

of the brush the living and inward law of the work he is producing. But he will break without scruple any number of those superficial regularities and orthodoxies which little, unimaginative critics mistake for its laws. The extent to which one can distinguish a just "license" from a mere botch or failure of unity depends on the extent to which he has grasped the real inward significance of the work as a whole. If we had grasped as a whole the innermost spirit of that "work which God worketh from the beginning to the end," and of which nature is only a part and perhaps a small part, we should be in a position to decide whether miraculous interruptions of nature's history were mere improprieties unworthy of the great Workman or expressions of the truest, deepest unity in His total work. In fact, of course, we are in no such position. The gap between God's mind and ours must, on any view, be incalculably great.

For who can suppose that God's eternal act, seen from within, would be that same complexity of mathematical relations which nature, scientifically studied, reveals? It is like thinking that a poet builds up his line out of those metrical feet into which we can analyze it, or that living speech takes grammar as its starting point.

The best illustration of all is Bergson's. Let us suppose a race whose peculiar mental limitation compels them to regard a painting as something made up of little colored dots which have been put together like a mosaic.

Studying the brushwork of a great painting through their magnifying glasses, they discover more and more the complicated relations between the dots, and sort these relations out, with great toil, in certain regularities. Their labor will not be in vain. The regularities will in fact "work," they will cover most of the facts. But if they go on to conclude that any departure would be unworthy of the painter, an arbitrary breaking of his own rules, they will be far astray. For the regularities they have observed never were the rule the painter was following. What they painfully reconstruct from a million dots, arranged in agonizing complexity, he really produced with a single lightning quick turn of the wrist, his eye meanwhile taking in the canvas as a whole and his mind obeying laws of composition which the observers, counting their dots, have not yet come within sight of, and perhaps never will.

If you are writing a story, miracles or abnormal events may be bad art, or they may not. If, for example, you are writing an ordinary realistic novel and have got your characters into a hopeless muddle, it would be quite intolerable if you suddenly cut the knot and secured a happy ending by having an unexpected fortune left to the hero. On the other hand, there is nothing against taking as your subject from the outset the adventures of a man who inherits an unexpected fortune. The unusual event is perfectly permissible if it is what you are really writing about: it is an artistic crime if you simply drag it in by the heels to get

yourself out of a bad hole. The ghost story is a legitimate form of art; but you must not bring a ghost into an ordinary novel to get over a difficulty in the plot. Now there is no doubt that a great deal of modern objection to miracles is based on the suspicion that they are marvels of the wrong sort; that a story of a certain kind (nature) is arbitrarily interfered with, to get the characters out of a difficulty, by events that do not really belong to that kind of a story. Some persons probably think of the Resurrection as a desperate last-moment expedient to save the Hero from a situation which had got out of the Author's control.

If I thought miracles were like that, I should not believe in them. If they have occurred, they have occurred because they are the very thing this universal story is about. They are not exceptions (however rarely they occur) nor irrelevancies. They are precisely those chapters in this great story on which the plot turns. Death and Resurrection are what the story is about; and had we but eyes to see it, this has been hinted on every page, met us, in some disguise, at every turn, and even

been muttered in conversations between such minor characters as the vegetables.

If you have hitherto tended to disbelieve in miracles, is it not worth pausing a moment to consider whether this is not chiefly because you thought you had discovered what the story was really about—that atoms and time and space and economics and politics were the main plot? And is it certain you were right? It is easy to make mistakes in such matters. A friend of mine wrote a play in which the main idea was that the hero had a pathological horror of trees and a mania for cutting them down. But naturally other things came in as well; there was some sort of a love story mixed up with it. And the trees killed the man in the end. When my friend had written it, he sent it to an older man to criticize. It came back with the comment, "Not bad. But I'd cut out those bits of *padding* about the trees." To be sure, God might be expected to make a better story than my friend. But it is a very long story, with a complicated plot; and we are not, perhaps, very attentive readers.



A BOSTON bookseller some years ago was endeavoring to procure from his New York agents two religious works for a pious Episcopal client of his; the books were Dean Farrar's *Seekers After God* and Cardinal Manning's *Confidence in God*. After some delay he was rather surprised to receive the following wire from his agent, "No seekers after God in New York. Try Philadelphia. Manning's confidence in God all gone!"

David T. Armstrong.



*That others may live*



By ARTHUR R. McGRATTY, S.J.

Condensed from the  
*Messenger of the Sacred Heart\**

**W**HEN 27 independent American welfare agencies combine on a work of mercy—"to help the beneficiaries without regard to race, creed, or color"—we have an amazing phenomenon, a superb act of charity.

The work and the personnel handling it have the special blessing of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. It has been endorsed by President Truman and its accomplishments have been heralded here and abroad by ex-President Herbert Hoover.

"This unique work has served to bring home to our Austrian people the true generosity and the fine spirit of the people of America. May God give His blessings to all such benefactors," is the appreciative word of Doctor Rohrbacher, Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria, and of prelates all over devastated Europe.

The unique work of which the archbishop speaks is the great work of the Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe. The work has been well planned, hearteningly supported,

carefully organized and incorporated.

It is popularly known, in America and abroad, as CARE. Behind that meaningful alphabetical nickname is a continuing story of a stream of packages going from the U. S. to stricken Europe: food, medicines, necessities of life. It is a stream continually being replenished by Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and unbelievers, determined that the children of war-torn Europe shall be fed. Whether the youngsters be of former ally or enemy parents matters little to the donors. Just as long as a starving Europe remains in the center of the world picture, just that long lies dead any hope of world peace.

CARE headquarters are located at 50 Broad St., New York City. Branch offices are in major American cities and at centrally located functional points overseas. Before CARE was organized and proper governmental clearances arranged, millions of Americans were sending food and clothing packages to friends, relatives, and members of special groups in Europe; unfortunately, many such packages were lost, many were overpriced.

It was to provide a safe, nonprofit channel for sending such aid to specified individuals abroad that this remarkable new unit came into being. Twenty-seven member agencies, already devoted to particular welfare works, combined to set up CARE. They ranged all the way from the General Conference of Seventh Day Adventists to the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

For \$10, the organization guarantees

\*515 East Fordham Road, New York City, 58. September, 1947.

delivery of any one of four packages to designated beneficiaries or needy families in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, France, Greece, Hungary, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Roumania, and Germany (American, British, and French zones, and all Berlin). Britain (England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland) receives food packages only. The food package contains balanced parts of meat, sugar, vegetable shortening, flour, apricots, prunes, dried whole milk, bars of chocolate, coffee, dried-egg powder, and soap. The total weight is 21 pounds. In the blanket package are two army-surplus blankets, convertible into clothing, plus needles, thread, scissors, safety pins, buttons, and two pairs of composition heels and soles for repairing shoes.

The woolen package contains three and a half yards of woolen fabric, enough to make a full suit for a large man, or a coat or suit for a woman. It also includes lining material, buttons, thread, and all other accessories necessary for making the garments. Finally, in the cotton package are 17 yards of fabric, including three full dress-length bolts, and other lengths for children's suits or dresses, men's trousers, undergarments, and shirts or blouses. This parcel also contains sewing equipment.

Obviously the practical nature of the packages and their slant toward the immediate needs of the poor strike one forcibly. The orders placed in the U. S. are air-mailed to the designated countries. Then deliveries are made from

local warehouses. Receipts, signed by the recipient upon delivery, are mailed to the purchasers. Best of all, every delivery is guaranteed.

One can best illustrate the splendid results of CARE and its work by giving a few brief eyewitness accounts of some scenes in Belgium.

"When the 25 packages arrived at the *Aide aux Israélites Victimes de la Guerre* in Brussels, everyone looked up expectantly, for they had been told of our arrival. One boy lost no time in producing a tool by means of which he snapped open the iron band around the CARE packages. All the children joined in the job of opening them. I never saw packages opened so swiftly and deftly. As I left, everyone was chewing. That is the reason the thanks were mumbled—but the gay eyes and the smiles of the children expressed their satisfaction."

"At the Protestant orphanage, the joyous children sang several songs in French. They said they couldn't wait until they had their first meal from a CARE package."

"At the *Maison des Enfants*, the children ranged from five to 15 years old. All of them thanked us in unison, and several spoke a few English words. One young boy was near tears as he shakily said 'Good America!'"

It goes without saying that on all sides there is full and heartfelt appreciation for this splendid expression of American assistance. The governments abroad are doing whatever they can to facilitate the CARE work.

Britain, for instance, is open to the

receipt of the food packages, duty-free, ration-free, and tax-free. CARE is the first organization of its kind to operate in Britain with the approval of the British government. Commenting on the government agreement which makes operation possible, John Strachey, British Food Minister, said, "I am extremely pleased that it has now been possible to arrange for CARE to operate in the United Kingdom. The parcels will be a most welcome addition to many people's larders, and one more instance of the good will of America."

CARE's representatives, together with members of the Ministry of Labor

and Social Welfare, distributed on one occasion some 100 food packages in the devastated areas around Danzig and Gdynia in Poland. Ten institutions for children were visited.

"Leaving the hospital," the report reads, "we next visited the home for blind children. It is in an area flooded by the nazis in their last retreat. In the home we found no lights, no heat, just the barest necessities, and water six inches deep in the cellar. It was a joy to deliver the food."

"CARE enables Americans," Myron C. Taylor has said, "to both feel and show their responsibility for their fellow human beings."



### *Flights of Fancy*

Highbrow: a person who can use the word *whom* without feeling self-conscious.—*Tulsa World*.

Life for a newspaperman in Russia is just one banned thing after another.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

The warm sound of many children's voices.—*The Cooperator*.

Etiquette is learning to yawn with your mouth closed.—*Col. Stoopnagle*.

Infancy: the changing age.—*Sallie Bristow*.

Black looks from Russia: Moscovels.—*Dublin Opinion*.

Chips of starlight bobbed on the water.—*Ernest Roughman*.

Epigram: a twinkle in the eye of truth.—*Louise Erickson*.

Woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking.—*Irish Digest*.

As boring as the last 45 minutes of a good 15-minute sermon.—*Hudson Newsletter*.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Trail blazing

## FEPC in New York

By EDMUND CHRISTOPHERSON

Condensed from the *Progressive*\*

WHEN Ann Matsuoko graduated from high school, she was on the honor list. All through her secretarial course at the business school, she had done exceptional work. Answering the utility company's ad for stenographers, she was told by the interviewer that the jobs had been filled. When Ann noticed that they kept on interviewing, she spoke to a girl who followed her, who said they hadn't told her anything about the position being filled.

"Sorry, boy. We're not hiring 'jigs' here." Anyway the man was honest about it. The help-wanted sign was there all right. Willie Foster, who had come up from his native Alabama to work in shipyards during the war, thought he might get some work on the new foundry they were building. But it was a union job, and the union just didn't admit Negroes. The boss didn't like them much, either.

Refugee doctors and nurses have a rough time in this land of opportunity even after the endless red tape they face in getting here. Take Carl Kleiss: M.D., University of Vienna, graduate work, 15 years of experience. He had come to the U. S. to escape the mad

wave of racism that had ruined his practice, lost him his home and his friends. But when he finally did get through all the rigmarole of citizenship, and another set of tests, he found that the local medical society in this "free" America he had chosen suddenly revised its rules to admit only native-born and educated M.D.'s to membership. And the local hospital ignored his request for staff status, which would allow him to bring his patients to the only hospital in the area.

These are typical of the cases that come to the attention of New York's Commission Against Discrimination. When investigation substantiated the stories, the commission went to bat under the state law that makes it a misdemeanor to discriminate in employment on any other basis than qualifications.

After a conference with one of the commission's representatives, the union decided that it could admit Negroes. When the law was explained to the construction boss, first Willie Foster, then other Negroes got jobs building the foundry.

A little probing showed that the ap-

\*408-410 W. Gorham St., Madison, 3, Wis. Aug. 18, 1947.

plication forms of the utility company contained several discriminatory questions about religion, where your parents were born, and so on. Although the company, serving a polyglot area, required no uniformity of its customers besides paying the bills on time, the policy of the firm seemed to be that white Protestants were the only persons capable of doing its work. Since this was illegal under the new law, Ann was given the job she had applied for, and back pay for the weeks that she had been a victim of the company's unfair employment practices. All questions that could be used as a basis for discrimination were eliminated from the company's application blanks.

How about Dr. Kleiss? Well, suddenly the medical society found that it could accept him, and the illegal membership requirements were withdrawn. The other members today have a lot of respect for Kleiss as a person, and as a competent surgeon, now that they know him. Somehow he was admitted to the hospital, too. If continuing discrimination had been proved, the state might have withdrawn the hospital's license to operate.

Chalk up three for the commission. Don't get the idea that New York state is suddenly free of prejudice. But under the law pioneered by New York to supplant the lapsed wartime federal government's FEPC, important advances have been made. In New York state today it is illegal for the employer to question a prospective employee as to color, religion or nationality, or to request a photograph which indirectly

gives information. In eliminating one of the initial steps in discrimination, the commission has helped nearly 1,000 employers revise their employment practices to conform with the law.

The commission's work has shown up in the hiring of Negroes, Jews, Catholics, and Italians for the first time by firms whose personnel policies have been changed to give equality in advancement, too.

When a written complaint is filed with the commission, the first step is investigation of the charges by one of the staff. Conference and conciliation are successful in adjusting most of the grievances, and eliminating the unfair practices at this initial level. The next step would be a hearing before one of the commissioners.

One of the best measures of the understanding approach of the commission is that, though violation of the nondiscrimination law is punishable by \$500 fine and one year in jail, a solution has been found for all cases, without resort to the courts.

An annual appropriation of \$300,000 provides for the commission's 60 employees, the five offices through the state, and the \$10,000-a-year salary for the five members of the commission. Of the 754 cases investigated in 1946, 161 complaints were classified as religious discrimination, 460 were problems of racial bias, and 103 were claims based on national origins.

Included in the case files are interesting reverses of traditional situations, as when a white complainant charged



he had been unfairly discriminated against by Negroes. Every complaint doesn't prove a clear case of discrimination. Often the plaintiff is found to be merely a disgruntled, oversensitive or incompetent worker, and the case is dismissed. But in investigating such cases, other unfair practices are often discovered and corrected by the commission.

July marked the end of the second year of experience under the New York fair-employment law. Massa-

chusetts and New Jersey have followed New York's lead in adopting similar legislation. From other states, many groups have come to observe the working of the Empire state's law.

Contrary to threats, no factories have moved from the state. There have been no riots, no indictments. And in returning to their home states, visiting legislators carry glowing reports of the support that employers, workers, the people of New York are giving their forward step in democracy.



*The way back*

## How Catholic is France?

By CLAUDE JULIEN

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

**F**RANCE has gone communist," people have told me since my first landing in America. Facts give the lie to this assertion.

On my desk is the photograph of a young man of 22, horribly tortured, disfigured, bleeding, almost unrecognizable. A faint smile enlightens his lifeless face. This is my good friend Paul Molière, national leader of the Young Christian Students, who died because he refused to deny his Catholic faith and accept the heresy of nazism.

I think also of a young student, fero-

ciously beaten for 36 hours by Gestapo agents, who asked him, "Why do you refuse to serve us? Who is your leader?" Ceaselessly, renewing the tradition of the first martyrs, he repeated, "I am a Christian, and I have only one leader, Christ. I serve only Him."

Other memories come back. In Bordeaux the nazis shot 15 young boys; they died holding their rosaries. In nazi factories to which they had been deported, a hundred priests were condemned to concentration camps because they had committed the crime of

\**Notre Dame, Ind. Aug. 2, 1947.*

celebrating Mass without nazi permission.

Such attitudes in the face of death are the result of 20 years of Catholic Action, 20 years of patient efforts to build solid religious convictions. Take the case of a young student, 15 years old, entering college for the first time with the emblem of the Young Christian Students in his lapel. His comrades surround him.

"You are a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Then you must know how to suffer like Christ." Immediately they seize him and tie him to a tree with his arms outstretched. Then they throw stones at him. But he continues to smile. The next day, covered with bruises and bandages, he returns to school. To show that he is unafraid, he again wears the emblem with the little blue cross. His tormentors are now his best friends and with the help of God's grace, he has now made them Christians.

After four years spent at the national office of Catholic Action in Paris, I could vouch for many incidents of this sort. Such militant vocations are springing up on all sides: from pilgrimages to Lourdes, Saint-Denis, Chartres, Notre Dame du Puy; from congresses and group meetings; and simply from contacts with friends.

The big problem, to be sure, is that of the great masses of people, among whom, in spite of the efforts of the Young Christian Workers, there often exists a complete ignorance of Christian morals and dogma. I witnessed

one experiment in teaching them in the Cathedral of Castres in November, 1944.

It was about ten o'clock at night. The cathedral was already full of people, and the crowd overflowed into the street. The whole congregation was composed of workers brought there by their fellow workers. A stage, erected on a level with the Communion rail, extended some distance down the main aisle of the church. As in the Middle Ages the sanctuaries were used for the presentation of religious plays, so tonight a great mystery was to be enacted in front of the altar.

All the actors were workers, wearing their work clothes. They moved forward into the glare of the spotlight. The drama began, concerning itself first with the shame of conquered France, its sufferings during the exodus which drove millions of homeless people into the south, the misery of its prisoners held in Germany for five years, the horror of the bombardments. There, for two hours, the ordeals of a suffering people unfolded before the congregation. The organ music changed to a joyful melody when two carpenters brought to the stage a carpenter's work bench. Next, weavers appeared, placing on this improvised altar three white linen cloths which they had themselves woven. Two miners took their places on either side of the altar, with their lighted lamps like tapers, linking the world of labor with the worship of God. Lastly came a printer, with a missal he had printed especially for this occasion.

Then Msgr. Moussaron, Archbishop of Albi, entered, garbed in his purple cassock. In full view of the congregation he was robed in his vestments while a priest explained their meaning. When midnight struck, the archbishop proceeded to the temporary altar and, facing the congregation, began the celebration of Mass. By special dispensation of the Pope, this Mass, except for the Canon, was said in French. The effect on the congregation was instant and profound. For many, it was as if they were hearing Mass for the first time. Many who had not practiced their religion for 20 or 25 years went to confession and received holy Communion. The distribution of Communion lasted more than an hour. Two years later, when I returned to Castres, people were still talking about this ceremony.

In August, 1946, on the occasion of the visit of the statue of Our Lady of Boulogne in its triumphal tour across France, Paris saw 50,000 persons gathered in the stadium of Colombes for a midnight Mass, preceded by a play in the same style as the mystery plays of the Middle Ages. And in every town where this experiment was repeated, the results were the same.

The ordeals of the last few years have revived the faith which slumbered in the hearts of the French. Everywhere I have seen testimony of this, notably in the solemn Mass celebrated for political exiles in Paris on the Champ de Mars in 1945. From the Eiffel Tower to the Palais de Chaillot, the former prisoners of Dachau and

Buchenwald were gathered in tragic silence. Fifteen of them, wearing the black and white prison stripes, badge of their slavery, moved slowly forward, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden cross which was set up before the altar. Under the alb of the officiating priest, one might catch a glimpse of the same black and white stripes used by the nazis to humiliate their prisoners. The young priest, who approached the microphone in the garb of a convict to preach the sermon, was Father Riquet, a Jesuit, who had lived through Buchenwald. A choir was made up of former inmates of an extermination camp in remote Poland.

For a long time, the Church in France relied on the middle classes, instead of striving to convert those not of the fold. The *Mission Paris*, founded in 1943 by Cardinal Suhard, is trying to convert the dechristianized throngs, especially in the suburbs of Paris.

In 1943, an inquiry carried out among the working classes of the capital revealed that thousands of workers had never heard the name of Christ spoken in reverence. They were completely outside the influence of the parishes and parish life. Twelve priests were appointed by the cardinal to work among them, with special authorization to dress as laymen, to celebrate Mass in French at any time and to adapt themselves entirely to the workers' life. I went to see one of these priests at Ménilmontante, a populous and strongly communist district.

"For one year," he said, "I labored

like any worker in a metallurgical factory in Asnières. For the first three months, no one knew I was a priest, but merely a comrade; and I became popular with many. Then when one of them asked me if I were married, I revealed my priesthood. Immediately he said, 'I am not a Catholic, and I had always thought that religion was not for us, that we were much too miserable for it. In your churches we saw only the upper middle classes. But since you are a worker like us and a priest as well, that changes everything.' The very next day, every one of the 3,000 workers in the factory (ten Catholics among them) knew I was a priest and asked me to say Mass in their factory. Mass was duly celebrated on Holy Thursday at 3 P.M. All machines were stopped, and all the workers without exception assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, celebrated in French. Since then, dozens of them have received Baptism, and every day others come and ask for religious instruction. Now my factory is my parish."

In the rural districts, the problem is obviously different, because peasants are intensely conservative, even in unbelief. But there also, a renaissance is taking place. I assisted last year at solemn Mass in harvest and vintage time. The farmers came to offer their wheat

and grapes, to ask a blessing on their labors and their work tools. One peasant, who expressed the opinion of all, said to me after such a ceremony, "I understand that when I sow wheat and work in my vineyard, it is to permit the priest, at Mass, to consecrate the bread and wine which becomes Christ's Body and Blood. So, I do not think of God only on Sunday during Mass but every day."

If one desires statistics, it suffices to say that the number of readers of Catholic newspapers has doubled since 1940; that for the first time France has a powerful Christian-democratic political party; that more than half the young people now receive Catholic training, unknown before the war; that Catholic Action has a million and a half active participants as compared (by their own figures) to 300,000 young communists.

Before 1920, it was very difficult for Catholic professors to teach in any official government university; now the Sorbonne asks for them. In the last 25 years the efforts of Catholic Action have begun to bear fruit. Cardinal Suhard declared recently, "Catholic Action is our greatest hope; after one more generation France will merit again its title of 'Eldest Daughter of the Church.'"



The communist *New Times* was blasting the Pope again. It charged Pius XII with loaning the pulpit of St. Paul's Church, in Rome, to Lt. Gen. John C. H. Lee, acting Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, for a lay sermon.

Footnote. The St. Paul's church in Rome in which General Lee did give a talk is not a Catholic church, but Protestant Episcopal.

*The Catholic Mirror* (Sept. '47).

*Mr. Gaynor to the rescue*

## *Lifesaving is His Hobby*

By ALBERT C. HICKS



**P**ETER P. GAYNOR is a ruddy-faced, middle-aged, mild-mannered Irish-American, an inspector for the New York Department of Sanitation, who for the last 20-odd years has made an avocation of getting entangled in snatches of melodrama along the waterfronts. As a result, he has saved more lives than he can remember.

Once an obtuse minor official of the department viewed the extracurricular activities of his subordinate with mild consternation. "It's not your business to go around saving lives," he reminded Gaynor. "Your job is to inspect sanitation."

The day before this advice was tossed at him, Gaynor had risked his life to fish a maniac bent on self-destruction out of the Hudson. It was approximately the tenth life Gaynor had saved; not all of them from drowning.

"Truth is," says Gaynor, "my mother was partly responsible. She said to me once, 'Pete, you are not an entertainer, so don't go rolling your eyes like Jolson; use them to see things with.'"

Pete then began viewing life accordingly. He began to see things, and what he saw was the Manhattan of O. Henry. A Bagdad of endless melodramas: not only to be seen, but to be entered into.

But his eyes and his mind had to

become gradually accustomed to melodramatic glitter. He started by observing only the simplest of adventures. Shortly after joining the Department of Sanitation in 1925, his attention was called to two runaway horses galloping up Avenue B. He ran, grabbed their bridles, and corralled them at 17th St. That was in January, 1928. In April he found some money and returned it to its owner, an employee of the Consolidated Edison Co. On Dec. 6 of that year he came to the rescue of Santa Claus. He was inspecting along 1st Ave. when he came upon a carton filled with toys. He traced them to their owner, Henry Katz Co.

But it was on May 5, 1930, a bright spring day in a typical O. Henry setting, that Gaynor got launched on his avocation. He was making his rounds, when at 18th St. and 1st Ave. he became somewhat depressed at the sight of a man and woman standing on the corner sobbing. He forthwith approached the pair and asked what distressed them.

"My wife is dying at the Booth Memorial hospital," answered the man, between sobs. "She must have a blood transfusion to save her life, but none of our relatives has the type O that's needed."



"Maybe I have," suggested Gaynor. At the hospital three blocks away they discovered that Gaynor's blood was type O, the transfusion was made, and a life was saved, first of a long series. The grateful husband offered Gaynor a \$50 reward. But for a truly O. Henryesque character, the drama is its own reward. Gaynor refused the \$50.

He sandwiched the return of lost property in between melodramas, the next of which was not long coming. A fire was raging in a tenement house on 59th St. near the East river. The fire engines had not yet arrived when Gaynor dashed in, ran up four flights of stairs to reach a woman screaming for help, groped through the smoke, and found the woman holding an unconscious newborn baby. The lady in distress promptly fainted. With one arm he carried the mother, with the other the half-dead child, and descended the four flights of stairs, saving both. His action was brought to the attention of the commissioner of sanitation, and Gaynor received a letter of commendation.

Almost immediately he began seeing people falling into the East river or the Hudson, mostly scow and barge captains, and would-be suicides.

"The scow skippers," says Gaynor, "coming ashore at night always leap from barge to barge, and sometimes they miss and land in the water. If they're not got out in a hurry they're likely to get crushed. And they're sure to get crushed if a tug lands up against a scow. As for the suicides, they're mostly mentally unbalanced."

One of the latter who leaped naked into the East river near 59th St. gave Gaynor a real tussle. It was like grappling with a seal. Gaynor finally punched the would-be suicide in the jaw, knocking him unconscious. The police arrived just as he got him back on the dock. A search for the man's clothing followed, but in vain. Not even time and the river produced his clothing, and Gaynor has since wondered how far the man walked unclad through Manhattan's streets.

His observing eyes kept turning up more clues to snatches of Manhattan mysteries. He found loaded and unloaded and recently fired pistols and revolvers, dropped by their owners into refuse cans or hidden in dark crevices, and a couple of blackjacks. In front of 77 Irving Pl. Gaynor came upon a 15-pound shell of mercury leaning against the curbing. Inquiries disclosed that the mercury belonged to a chemical manufacturing company a few blocks away; but why a thief should purloin a shell of mercury and then deposit it in a gutter, remained a mystery.

In good time there was another life to be saved. A mechanic was working under a truck in a garage when suddenly the truck burst into flames. Having got into the habit of appearing at the right moment on such occasions, Gaynor rushed into the garage, caught the horizontal man by the feet and dragged him to safety.

Another mystery was uncovered by Gaynor in a garbage can at 17th St. and Avenue B. Therein he came upon

an interesting-looking key. It was a pass key to the Hotel Astor: a virtual wand for a thief specializing in lifting valuables of hotel guests. How the lost key found its way across Manhattan Island to Avenue B also remained a mystery.

During the late 30's Gaynor was stationed along the North river, and hardly a week passed that he didn't fish a drowning man out of the swirling waters. In August, 1939, a barge captain went berserk, knifed and murdered a woman on his barge, and while another woman watched in horror the captain mutilated the body of his victim and dumped the corpse into the Hudson.

The witness to the macabre events was one Dorothy Barrett, who was forthwith jailed as a material witness, and a couple of days later released on bond. About a week after gaining her freedom she returned to the scene of the crime and plunged into the river intent upon taking her own life. But—as you have no doubt guessed—there was Gaynor to fish her out promptly. Preserved for trial, both she and the barge skipper were committed to a psychopathic ward.

The magic carpets of modern Bagdad-on-the-Hudson usually skim the skyscrapers only at night.

"It's at night," says Gaynor, "when a guy's going to hide a gat in the garbage can, or anything hot he wants to get off his hands. And it's usually dark when scow and barge skippers, leaping from barge to barge to get ashore, miss and go into the water. I guess, too,

night plays hob with a psycho's brain. He gets to thinking he's somebody else, and when he finds he ain't, he wants to kill himself."

It was shortly after a midnight in 1938. Gaynor heard a splash in the Hudson, ran down a ramp, heard a weak voice in the blackness below calling for help, and leaped. The tide was down, and Gaynor sailed through about 15 feet of freezing air, landed on a coating of ice, and crashed through. After a considerable struggle, he brought a half-frozen, water-soaked scow captain to safety. For his act of bravery he was awarded a silver medal a few months later by the Lifesaving Benevolent Association of New York. But before they could pin it to his chest he saved still another life, so the then Mayor La Guardia awarded Gaynor another medal. Once again, before the second medal could be attached to his person, he committed another act of bravery, saving still another life, and the mayor produced a third medal, making the award in 1940.

Gaynor has a son, Bill, who, at 20, when the U. S. entered the 2nd World War, promptly joined the navy, fought in both Atlantic and Pacific, and following in his father's footsteps won a Presidential citation.

"It's this way, as I see it," philosophizes Gaynor. "Everybody should try to help anybody needing help. That's the way to make a better world. If helping gets you into melodrama, then life's all the more interesting."

But at 53, Gaynor is beginning to feel his age. On a couple of the coldest

nights of last February, one night after the other, Gaynor went into the frigid East River off barges near 60th St., saving two more scow captains.

"I got rheumatism now. I'm not so agile as I was. Maybe it's from jumping into the river so often in the winter. More often than I can remember."



### *This Struck Me*

*Graham Greene\* tells the story of a "whisky" priest who alone of the clergy managed to remain in the Mexican state where the practice of the Faith was the highest form of treason. He is finally betrayed. On the way to his execution he explains his own reaction to a thought that must come to every man condemned to die.*

"I suppose," the lieutenant said, scowling ahead, "you're hoping for a miracle."

"Excuse me. What did you say?"

"I said, 'I suppose you're hoping for a miracle.'"

"No."

"You believe in them, don't you?"

"Yes. But not for me. I'm no more good to anyone, so why should God keep me alive?"

"I can't think how a man like you can believe in those things. The Indians, yes. Why, the first time they see an electric light they think it's a miracle."

"And I dare say the first time you saw a man raised from the dead you might think so too." He giggled unconvincingly behind the smiling mask. "Oh, it's funny, isn't it? It isn't a case of miracles not happening—it's just a case of people calling them something else. Can't you see the doctors round the dead man? He isn't breathing any more, his pulse has stopped, his heart's not beating: he's dead. Then somebody gives him back his life, and they all—what's the expression?—reserve their opinion. They won't say it's a miracle, because that's a word they don't like. Then it happens again and again perhaps—because God's about on earth—and they say: there aren't miracles, it is simply that we have enlarged our conception of what life is. Now we know you can be alive without pulse, breath, heartbeats. And they invent a new word to describe that state of life, and they say science has again disproved a miracle." He giggled again. "You can't get round them."

\*In *The Power and The Glory*. (1946: Viking Press. \$2.50).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

*Of-told tale*

## Lucy of Yugoslavia

By PAUL BUSSARD



THIS is such an old story there is hardly any use in telling it. Except that I saw her and talked with her the other day—R-Day—in Cormons. R-Day was September 15, 1947, the day the Italian peace treaty was ratified. Up around Cormons and Gorizia that day the U. S. and British troops fell back from the Morgan line to the new border, which runs a few miles from Cormons and directly through Gorizia. It was the day the Yugoslav forces, Russian-dominated, took possession of Pola and Fiume according to the treaty.

It was a day of tension at Cormons. I had lunch there in the mess of the 88th Division. The Americans were ready to fight, should it be necessary. I couldn't understand why it should be necessary to fight, since all we were doing was giving some 3,000 miles of land to Russia. But it was expected the Jugs (that's what GI's called Yugoslav communists) would take it shooting. Then they could publish in their free press that they had driven the fascist Americans out of the territory and made it free. (So many had fled that sort of freedom that the cost of a room in Cormons, population 6,000, had risen from 6,000 lire a month to over 100,000.

Cormons was happy. They had broken Italian flags out of practically every window; loud-speakers played patriotic airs; the streets were filled with chattering people, jeeps and the military. But the people were apprehensive because they didn't know but that the home-town Uncle-Joe boys had decided to stage a local uprising against the American fascist troops. If they had, everyone knew there would be plenty of shooting, and in that case, anyone can get killed, the way bullets ricochet in those narrow, tortuous streets.

I met Lucy there after lunch. She works for the U. S. army, but I must not say exactly where, nor should I tell you her last name. It doesn't matter to you, but it might matter to her.

She is an 18-year-old girl, with hazel eyes and a fine, clear complexion. Her hair is quite black like that of most Italians. Most people would say she is beautiful, especially a U. S. sergeant, named Charles, who is going to marry her and bring her back home. She thinks that is a good idea, especially marrying Charles.

Well, this is her story, an old story, endlessly repeated in Russian annals. At the end of the war when the Germans left, the people of Cormons, and

Lucy, expected the Americans. Instead, Tito's troops came into the town. Their first order was that all doors were to be left unlocked. Lucy lived in an apartment with her mother, who was 45 years old, and a younger sister.

At 10:30 at night on the third of May, four of Tito's gentlemen came to the apartment. Lucy's mother was a small official in what we would call the mayor's office. The gentlemen came, they said, to bring her to the office because there was much work to be done. She left with them.

Then she was seen no more, nor ever heard of again. Later the Red Cross tried to get information about her, and so did the Vatican. They failed. She is somewhere behind the iron curtain, alive or dead, preferably dead.

A week later occurs the second act of the liberation of Lucy's mother. Again it is at night. Lucy and her sister are alone in the apartment, asleep. A car stops out in front, and four brave soldiers, armed with Tommy guns, pound on the door. When it

is not opened at once, they shoot the lock off, and rush in heroically. They manage to frighten the two girls quite thoroughly.

What do they want? They want to know where Lucy's mother is. What has Lucy done with her? They threaten to put both the girls in prison because their mother has disappeared. They practically accuse them of matricide.

It doesn't make sense, of course, but I can't help that. It never has made any sense to Lucy either.

Well, the four brave Jugs finally go away without doing anything more. Later, the territory is occupied by U. S. troops, and life goes on for Lucy, such as it is.

This story, I suppose, is an example of how the Russians bring freedom to the countries they liberate from the yoke of fascism. I would call it the freedom from not-having-fear. They did a good job on Lucy. You could see the fear in her hazel eyes, even now, when she was telling her story.



### *Force of Good Habit*

A LAD in Donegal had fallen heir somehow to a heap of Marxian literature. For want of better reading matter, he read it avidly, all of it, and the stuff, oddly enough, began to fuse in his brain. He became remiss in his church duties, stopped visiting familiar haunts, and spoke to no one. But one day he found himself face to face with his parish priest. There was no time to bolt. He had to face up to it.

"Dan," said the aging rector, who knew him very well, "what's this I hear? Is it true you no longer come to church?"

The apostate dropped his head, pulled off his cap and murmured fearfully, "God forgive me, Father! I'm an atheist."

John J. Nolen.





## School for Brides

By MILTON CRONENBERG

Condensed from the *Magazine Digest*\*



MADAME DUVAL waited while Madame Laplante poured tea and passed the cakes, along with several items of her own gossip. Then she spoke, "My Henri is engaged to Eve-Marie Paquin. The wedding will be next month."

Madame Laplante registered gratifying surprise, then asked, "This Eve-Marie, she will make Henri a suitable wife?"

Madame Duval smiled a superior smile. "A suitable wife? Why, she is a graduate of the *école ménagère*!"

The effect was as though an American mother had said of her son's bride-to-be, "She is heiress to a million dollars!"

As a matter of fact, Madame Duval might almost be called an American mother. She lives just north of the Vermont border, in the province of Quebec, whose 3,500,000 citizens, with a few differences, live and think very much as do their southern neighbors.

Perhaps the most startling of these differences is the fact that while one out of two or three marriages in the U. S. ends in divorce, the ratio is more like one in a thousand in Quebec. Wholesome family life, which sociologists bewail as a vanishing institution,

still flourishes in Quebec. The startling differences are due in no small degree to the existence of Quebec's *écoles ménagères*, "schools of family life."

The schools have raised marriage to the status of a profession. Just as an American girl goes to school to become an efficient secretary or a skilled hairdresser, a Quebec girl goes to school to learn how to become a successful wife. And this explains why French-Canadian swains like Henri Duval—and their *mamams*—seek out *ménagère* graduates as deliberately as office managers make it a point to hire business-school graduates.

Take the case of Josie, who at 15 was incorrigible almost to the point of delinquency. The daughter of a prominent Montreal lawyer, Josie was alternately spoiled with overindulgence and neglected when her father was busy. She quarreled with her classmates and was rude to her teachers. Finally she walked out of geometry class one day and refused to go back.

The result was an old-fashioned family conference. Josie's aunts clucked in disapproval. "How will a girl of that temperament ever make a happy marriage?" they asked.

"Time enough to worry about that

\*Reprinted by special permission from *Magazine Digest*, Toronto, Ont., Canada. October, 1947.

later," replied Josie's father impatiently. "Our present concern is with completing her education."

"Send her to an *école ménagère*," an uncle suggested. "If there is any sense in Josie's head, they will bring it out."

Josie's father smiled grimly, doubtfully, but Josie was packed off to a *ménagère*. During the first week, her father expected that she would return at any moment. But she did not come back. Neither did she write nor even telephone. Her anxious father was about to get in touch with the school when he received a short note from the girl, "Sorry I haven't written sooner, but I'm really quite busy. Love, Josie."

At Christmas, Josie's father found himself greeting a happy, efficient young woman. Throughout the vacation she made her bed, cleaned her room, insisted on helping the housekeeper, and brought him his pipe and slippers in the evenings. Formerly, she had scorned or fought with the neighborhood children; now she visited and skated with them.

One day her father exclaimed in wonderment, "You seem to have learned a lot at the *école ménagère*."

"A lot?" echoed Josie. "Father, they teach you everything!"

Miss Eveline LeBlanc, the wise and understanding head of the Quebec Provincial Department of Education branch which supervises the schools, smilingly denies that her system "teaches everything." But she admits that it is probably the most complete course ever devised for its specific pur-

pose, to guide adolescent girls along the path to happy marriage.

Certainly there is little resemblance between the curriculum of the 4,000 pupils in 34 "schools of family life" and the sketchy household-science classes in the average high school. When the Quebec educators say "family life" they mean just that. Students in *écoles ménagères* are taught everything from the psychology of sex to the cultivation of kitchen gardens. Cooking, sewing, dressmaking, weaving, knitting, family psychology, general psychology, anatomy, hygiene and child care, nutrition, food marketing, and budgeting are included.

Most of the subjects are taught by nuns who have themselves taken special courses. Only for hygiene, anatomy, and sex are outside teachers and specialists called in.

It might be thought that the mass teaching would tend to produce a standardized product. But there is proof that the contrary is true.

"We definitely do not," said Miss LeBlanc, "try to reduce a woman to the role of cook or housekeeper or childbearer. We try instead to bring out every talent, every creative impulse, and to direct those talents towards the home. If we succeed, our girls cannot help but become good and happy wives."

In fact, individual students are given wide leeway. Adrienne Pouliot had been allowed by her parents to step out whenever she wished, and to date as many boys as she pleased. She continued this habit at school, and the

nuns apparently condoned this flagrant breach of discipline. But actually they were studying her other interests, which proved, incredibly, to focus on child care. By stressing this part on her school work, they soon diverted her abnormal interest in boys to other channels.

"But if harsher methods had been used," the Superior reported to Miss LeBlanc, "nothing could have changed her."

Ultimately as part of the school's "field work," each student is made a member of a "family group." Such groups give students practical understanding of the problems their parents face, problems they will face with their own children.

A third-year student is appointed "father," a second-year student "mother," and a freshman plays the part of the "child." The "child" presents her "parents" with a wide variety of situations calling for adult decisions. The "parents" must discuss and decide on such down-to-earth questions as how to explain the facts of birth and sex to young children.

Fourth-year students actually become householders. They take over a five-room apartment, and with other pupils as family and guests they assume all responsibilities of homemaking, including purchase of food from regular stores, planning, cooking, and serving meals attractively.

Even more practical is the arrangement whereby the fourth-year students become "mothers." They finish their course with a two-week stay at a Mon-

teal nursery for illegitimate children, and each girl is loaned a baby which becomes hers for the period, to care for in every detail. She is fully responsible for the child's welfare. The case history of the child's mother, which is given each student, serves as an indirect moral lesson.

Any school system which stresses such basic virtues might be regarded as a remnant of an old-fashioned era. But this is not the case with the *écoles ménagères*. True, homemaker schools were founded in Quebec by the Ursuline nuns as far back as 1882. But it was less than a decade ago that educational authorities, alarmed at the world's growing divorce rate and the low estate to which family life has fallen, decided to build on the foundation of the Ursuline schools. The result has been the present unique development of "schools of family life."

They are not likely to remain unique long. In recent months Miss LeBlanc has had to devote considerable time to explaining and demonstrating the working of the schools to visitors, including a cabinet minister of Indo-China, two Belgian educators, three representatives of the British Ministry of Education, and two women educational specialists from Brazil.

Nor has the Quebec experiment reached anywhere near the saturation point in its place of origin. "Our 34 schools may seem a large number," says Miss LeBlanc, "but what we immediately need is 200 more schools to teach women how to become wives in the fullest meaning of the word."



*Battle with a killer*

## *Rheumatic Fever*

Condensed from the  
*Cooperator*\*

SOME fine things have started in a stable—including the St. Francis Sanatorium for Cardiac Children at Roslyn, Long Island. The original land and carriage house were given by the late Carlos Munson, a Quaker. It is staffed by nursing Sisters of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and the project was initiated by a Jewish doctor, Leo M. Taran, chief of the Children's Cardiac Clinic of the Kings County hospital. The only thing wrong with it is that it has only 150 beds, while 1,800 victims of acute rheumatic fever are in varying need of attention in the New York metropolitan area.

One such victim is "lazy" Willie Brown, who has the symptoms of this leading cause of death in children.

Rheumatic fever is five times more deadly than infantile paralysis, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and cerebral spinal meningitis combined. Whereas most victims of polio recover with little or no permanent crippling effect and with immunity against further attack, RF leaves its victims with increased susceptibility. It may strike again and again, to the heart. Where it does not immediately kill, the cumulative damage

shortens life and adds yearly to the army of "cripples-without-crutches."

Three facts are of outstanding importance in regard to RF: 1. it is a killer and crippler of unrealized magnitude; 2. little is known about the cause and cure, but like tuberculosis it seems to be an "economic" disease; 3. pitifully small sums are devoted to research on it.

But statistics don't bleed. It is hard to be dramatic about a typical case like Willie's. One morning he can't get up for school. His knees are hurting him, and it is obvious to Mrs. Brown's rough hands that he has a fever. The doctor comes and asks some knowing questions. Mrs. Brown answers from the doorway, a Gothic figure with the little Browns looking from behind her skirt like poppyheads. About four weeks ago, Willie had a sore throat "just like the rest of the kids." Yes, come to think of it, he's had some nosebleeds recently, "and he sweats a lot"—she looks at the damp cowlick on his pale forehead—"and now and then he has 'growing pains' just like I had when I was his age." Mrs. Brown is surprised at the doctor's interest in her own history. The doctor listens to Willie's heart, prescribes aspirin, and Mrs. Brown shrugs.

\*44 W. 143 St., New York City, 30. Sept. 15, 1947.

Willie's fever may run to 103° that day. Worse are the migratory pains that go from knees to ankles, that tomorrow will afflict his wrists, so painful that he cries out if someone merely touches the bedclothes. Aspirin relieves the symptoms and the burning look in his eyes gradually subsides. "That's that," says Mrs. Brown, but it may be just the beginning. The doctor finds that his heart valves are leaking, and that his heart is greatly enlarged. Rest is prescribed. RF is sullen. It may be active for several months or even years after acute symptoms have passed. It may require a change in Willie's planned vocation, a terrible hardship for Mrs. Brown. She is not one to bewail luck, but anger flashes out, "But how did it happen, Doctor?" He can only answer with bitterness born of bedside vigils, "We do not know! We haven't even a cure!"

Perhaps more than any other disease, RF calls for coordinated research involving teamwork of many agencies and skills: physician, chemist, biologist, nutritionist, sociologist and economist, according to Dr. David R. Rutstein, medical director of the American Heart Association. He points to the achievement of the London County Council's rheumatism scheme, which got under way in 1926.

This was a cooperative effort by school and health authorities under which all cases of RF in school children under 16 were hospitalized. As a result, the incidence of acquired heart disease among London school children dropped from 2% to 0.8% in ten

years. The facilities in New York City for the treatment of rheumatic fever in children are only one-fourth or one-fifth as adequate as in London. And New York, in most respects, is ahead of other American cities.

Aid for federal-state programs is available through the Children's Bureau, now under the Federal Security Agency. States are required to match funds. The first joint state-federal program was approved in 1940 in Oklahoma. But by 1947 there were fewer than 300 of 3,000 counties in the U. S. with RF programs.

Here are some things you can do. Ask your local health officer if there are adequate facilities for combating RF. Enough beds in hospitals to handle acute cases? Enough convalescent homes where patients can be cared for until their hearts are strong? Is there an RF clinic?

If facilities are admittedly inadequate, you can write the American Heart Association, 1790 Broadway, New York City, reporting what you know and asking for advice.

If RF were more dramatic, people might take greater interest in it. There will be no *Christmas Carol* nor *Lady of the Camellias* written about a guy who looks like a truck driver and hasn't even a pimple to show for a heart that is scarred like the inside of a whiskey barrel. One man said, "I can't even lift a pail of water. When I see my wife working, I go out of the house, I'm so ashamed. Nobody but me knows how it feels at 2 A.M. to wake up and hear the old heart going



over *flub-flub* like a blown-out tire."

It wasn't until 1850 that RF became well established as a distinct disease. It is characterized by nodules, little wartlike formations known as Aschoff's bodies, found not only in the heart itself but also in the blood vessels. The lesions may appear in the muscle, the outer or inner lining of the heart, and, all too frequently, on the edges of the heart valves. The heart repairs ravages with scar tissue. The scars make the valves less flexible, frequently prevent them from closing properly. Extra heart effort is then required to compensate for the leak. The scars themselves are formed by a material called collagen. Unfortunately, collagen is particularly susceptible to RF poison, so that successive attacks frequently cause increasing damage.

The heart is an amazingly sturdy organ, made up of a type of muscle cell found nowhere else in the body. It beats 72 times a minute, 104,000 times a day, 38 million times a year. At every stroke, 10 cubic inches of blood are forced into the body, or 10 million cubic inches a day. In terms of work, this is the equivalent of raising one ton to a height of 82 feet every 24 hours. That this organ can be so twisted and damaged speaks for the virulence of the disease.

Doctors believe that RF is somehow related to a germ called the Beta hemolytic streptococcus of group A. Most streptococci are harmless, but the hemolytic ones can rupture blood cells, and those of group A cause such illnesses as tonsillitis, scarlet fever, erysipelas,

otitis (inflammation of the ear), and the so-called "strep sore throat." Not every one who has a strep infection gets rheumatic heart. There are two prevalent theories: 1. that susceptibility is inheritable; 2. that though hemolytic streptococcus is not itself a cause of rheumatic fever, it somehow "pulls the trigger." There is generally a latent period of from one to five weeks between the strep infection and RF. In one family it struck all four children, each of whom had a different type of strep infection. It is a peculiarity that when RF strikes a family, children seldom have it at the same time. Sulfa drugs are used as a preventive of strep infection, but are of no use in curing RF itself.

In the U. S., RF is most prevalent in the North Atlantic and New England states. New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have a rate of nine deaths per 100,000 by RF, shading off to under five in the Gulf states. By some quirk, the Rocky Mountain states have a rating comparable to New England. The disease is more prevalent among the poor than the well-to-do. In New York City a study found this true by the remarkable ratio of 20 to 1.

Infants seem immune, incidence rising steeply from five to seven years and dropping sharply at the age of puberty. The Irish are particularly susceptible. Negroes are not as susceptible as whites, but the death ratio is higher if they get it.

At the St. Francis sanatorium at Roslyn, six modern brick buildings are arranged in a circle around play-

grounds. As two Sisters took us into the first we could hear the warm sound of children's voices. We went from one building to another by underground passages, which prevent exposure to weather. The rooms, each with fresh white curtains, are all painted in warm colors.

There were two isolated rooms, each with three beds, from which little girls waved toys as we passed a glass window. There were special electric lights in those rooms. There was no outside ventilation. The children did not know how close they were to death, for their rooms were filled with 50% concentration of oxygen, fed from tanks. Otherwise, laboring hearts might fail. The air conditioning was hidden behind gaily painted walls.

In a general room for the bedridden, every little girl was propped up and busy at something. Their hair ribbons were a rainbow of different colors. Every race seemed represented. Except for a certain paleness, the children looked as healthy as they were happy.

There was a wardrobe where clothes of good quality were racked. "We provide the clothes; we couldn't let them stay in the clothes some of them wear when they arrive," said a Sister. Also provided are six teachers from the New York school board.

The boys' building, a bit noisier, was in no other way different from the girls'. There were dining rooms in every building to preserve an intimate homelike atmosphere. In the dormitories for the "up" children, the only work permitted is the making of beds.

There was a laboratory and dental office. Research is continually carried on. As we were leaving we asked what gift the sanatorium could use. One of the Sisters answered, "Mother Superior has said, 'We want nothing more than the gift of opportunity.' There are so many waiting; nothing would make us happier than 50 more beds to take care of."

We asked if the children were ever homesick. "Not after the first few hours," and one prompted the other with stories of child after child who passed through those doors to better health.

Most of them cry when they leave, but George was so very chipper that Dr. Taran asked, "Why are *you* so glad?" Answer: "Now I'm going home and again I'll be able to catch lots of cockroaches."

There was Lydia, who was wistful over having to leave the only bed she had ever had to herself. Now she would have to share with five other children again, sleeping crosswise.

There was Morris, the Jewish boy of seven who was spitting like a wildcat when the social worker deposited him. He had pointed a scornful finger at the Sisters. "My father told me when I saw one of those priests to walk on the other side of the street."

"Tush," said Dr. Taran, "they won't hurt you. They haven't hurt me. I'm Jewish."

Said Morris with surprise, "You are? Then what are *you* doing here?" Yes, he was one of those who cried at leaving.

There was Brenda, all arms and legs and pigtailed and Irish eyes. She left by death's door. On the last day she was given whatever struck her fancy in food or playthings. In the morning she wanted a hot dog with lots of mustard. In the afternoon she had a whimsy for

a "bottle of wine." The Mother Superior sent to the village for it. Brenda raised up, took a mighty swig, but couldn't hold it, and fell back with a trickle from her lips. With a last rueful smile, her last words were, "What a waste."



### *I Shall Never Forget It*

WHEN I sang for the GI's in Italy I kept one rule inviolate: there would never be anything the least bit off-color. I wore simple frocks which would remind them of their wives and sisters and sweethearts. I used to say that I hoped I looked too young to remind them of their mothers.

One evening in Naples the theater was packed and many of the boys were just back from the front line, dirty and nervous and many of them bloody. After I had made my usual little speech at the end, a six-foot GI who looked like Gary Cooper walked up to me on the stage and said, "Can I talk into that thing?"—pointing to the microphone. He still wore his battle helmet and his grimy face was lined with fatigue. I was frightened because a man in that state of weariness might say or do almost anything. I stood beside him at the microphone looking up at him, because I am only 4' 11" tall. He put his hand on my shoulder and began to speak; 5,000 men were absolutely silent.

"Miss Logan," he said, and everyone there could hear every word, "you don't remind me of my wife, or my sister. And you don't remind me of my mother. Do you know what you remind me of?" I simply could not control my trembling. Never have I been so frightened. If he said something terrible now, anything could happen—even a riot. Then he said in that aching silence, "You remind me of an angel."

He bent over, kissed me on the forehead, walked down the steps, up the aisle and out into the blackout. And the while he walked away, no one broke the silence. Then I ran into my dressing room and cried with joy.

Ells Logan.

Readers are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

# Mercy Over Europe

By  
EUGENE PULLIAM



Condensed from an  
NANA dispatch\*

**P**ROBABLY the greatest single agency for mercy and American good will in Europe today is the National Catholic Welfare Committee of America. The Sisters of Charity, from their motherhouse in Paris, handle distribution of supplies throughout Europe. The committee was organized at the outset of the war under leadership of Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, and has been directed by James Norris, a layman, whose home is in New Jersey.

Had UNRRA been administered with the same devotion to the cause of relief of human suffering that has characterized the Catholic program there might be an entirely different picture, both economic and political, in Europe today. Wherever there is need for relief, there you will find a Sister of Charity in her wide white coif administering to the sick, wounded, and starving. I say "wounded" advisedly because there is sporadic and isolated guerrilla warfare going on throughout almost all the Balkan countries. Whatever is given to those distressed people is personally delivered by a Sister of Charity. The Sisters ride trucks and mule wagons into every section of Europe except those places in the Bal-

kans from which they have been barred by the Russians.

Relief of all kinds is distributed to the needy regardless of race, religion or color. And whether it be a can of soup, warm clothing or a bottle of sulfa tablets, every article, every box, carries a bright label, printed in the language of the locality, stating that it came from the National Catholic Welfare committee and had been "donated by all the people of America." That label goes on everything the Sisters distribute in every country of Europe. That little label has done more to offset the vicious propaganda of the Russians among the common people of these countries against America than any other agency of American good will.

In some countries, notably Hungary and Roumania, the Russians demanded that the relief supplies be turned over to them for distribution. But Jim Norris and the Sisters of Charity said No. If the Sisters could not personally deliver relief supplies the trucks and wagons would stop coming. The Russians fumed and argued but finally gave in because the Sisters of Charity have become so popular with the poor and distressed inhabitants the Russians didn't dare bar them.

\*229 W. 43rd St., New York City, 18, Sept. 22, 1947, and the Indianapolis Star.

This policy was adopted by the Catholic committee because of the manner in which UNRRA supplies were used to poison the people against America. The UNRRA organization, everything that has been written to the contrary notwithstanding, frequently turned over distribution of UNRRA supplies to the communists and Russian representatives. This was before the elections in Hungary, Roumania and Bulgaria. Armed with food, clothing and medical supplies from UNRRA, the Kremlin-trained relief staff went about those countries distributing the supplies, more than 80% of which had been donated by America. Families who received UNRRA help in such countries were required to sign a pledge that they would vote "communist." If they didn't sign, they got no help. The communists in charge of distribution told them the supplies were the gift of Russia. The people, few of whom could read, and practically none of whom understood English, couldn't tell from the English-language labels that the communists were lying. They were led to believe that Russia was the great and good provider and that the Americans did not care if they suffered and starved.

In sharp contrast, the work of the

National Catholic Welfare committee has been a great bulwark against Russian penetration during these last two years while Americans were slowly awakening to the Soviet menace. It is practically the only agency which serves all races and all creeds throughout Europe except the American Quakers Relief committee, which is doing just as fine a job but on a smaller scale.

In Paris, we visited the Motherhouse for Relief, in charge of the beloved Sister Regereau. We watched the Sisters at their work of organizing relief. We talked to them about their experiences on the trucks and wagons, in the villages, in the hills, and port towns. Their eager devotion to the cause, their profusely expressed gratitude to the Americans for giving them "a chance to serve God and humanity," the uplifting inspiration of their saintly faces, made me, the son of a Methodist minister, profoundly grateful for the existence of the Catholic Church and especially for the merciful service of the Sisters of Charity. I recalled what one of America's most noted men of religion said to me just before we left New York, "Christians everywhere must unite in a great spiritual awakening if we are to save the world from the stark paganism of soviet Russia."

### *Autumn Impressions*

Air as crisp as celery.—*The Sign*. . . When the wise wind speaks, every windmill turns to listen.—*E. J. Favorite*. . . Thunder bullying the skies to tears.—*F. V. Ramos*. . . Storm clouds slid wildly over the moon like a lost herd of elephants.—*A. N. Weir*. . . An endless flock of geese wedging south.—*C. Joseph Clarke*.



# Jocist



# Action

By JAMES O. SUPPLE

Condensed from the  
*Christian Century*\*

FOUR hundred young Catholics met in Montreal during the closing week in June. They came from 48 countries. Some were office workers, some miners, some factory workers, both skilled and unskilled. In common they had youth, their Church loyalty and the fact that they represented the million members of the *Jeune Ouvrier Chrétien* (Young Christian Worker) organization, more commonly known from its initials as the Jocists.

The young delegates, a cross section of youthful Catholic labor throughout the world, spent a week perfecting methods of the Catholic Action movement. Catholic Action is the inclusive name which the Church gives to lay activity. Scores of clergy were present in Montreal. There were several cardinals from Europe and bishops and monsignori from North and South America. But the clergy, even the few Dominicans from France who work full time as factory laborers in an effort to influence other workers, were there primarily as onlookers. The Jocists, ranging in age from 18 to 30, conducted their own sessions.

At their final meeting they issued a six-point manifesto which made the

following suggestions for the welfare of the youth of the whole world.

1. In all countries young workers should be organized in their own groups because they have their own special problems.

2. There should be a worldwide agreement against child labor, and the minimum working age should be set at 14.

3. Youth should be offered a sufficient number of trade apprenticeships, and security against accident and unemployment.

4. All workers should be guaranteed sick benefits and paid vacations.

5. Working girls should be protected both physically and financially in view of their future roles as wives and mothers.

6. All public and private organizations should recognize and support youth groups. Reference was made specifically to the United Nations, the International Labor Office and the UNESCO.

Although the Jocists are usually spoken of as having started in 1925, the movement actually began in 1912 when Canon Cardijn, a Belgian priest, gathered around him 12 young people

\*407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, 5, Ill. July 23, 1947.

whose purpose was to Christianize the factories in which they worked. For 13 years his movement failed miserably, until, in 1924, the Belgian priest went to Pope Pius XI.

The Pope, who had been crystallizing Catholic thought on the subject of Catholic Action, not only gave his approval but also gave the Jocist movement his positive support. Within 10 years it grew to a membership of 100,000. Now it has a membership of more than 1 million young people, most of them in France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, England, Australia, South America, Canada and the U. S. Jocism is just getting under way in Germany, where Hitler never permitted it to function. It is spreading in Italy, where the Pope, as bishop of Rome, has sponsored it in his own diocese.

There are not yet many American Jocists. Delegates at Montreal from the U. S. explained the disproportionately small number of American Jocists by stating that the movement has been late in starting here and that American youths are more interested in making money than in cooperating to improve the conditions of young workers. This observation they tied in with two important factors: first, that young American workers, unlike Europeans, tend to have a middle-class mentality in which they do not identify themselves essentially as members of the working class; and second, the Jocist movement, from the standpoint of the American businessman, seems to be distinctly to the left. It adheres, how-

ever, strictly to the papal social encyclicals.

The Jocist movement is not a trade union. Uncompromisingly in favor of unions, the Jocists believe that they should belong to existing labor unions rather than start their own. It is a fundamental rule with the Jocists that they must seek to improve existing organizations rather than create new ones. The Jocists are not an organized pressure group of the lobbying type currently flourishing in the U. S. While the Jocists are highly organized in many ways, they seek to carry out their ideas primarily as individuals in a secular society rather than through mass meetings or rallies.

As explained by Canon Cardijn (who was at Montreal and vigorous despite his advanced years and his imprisonment in a nazi concentration camp) the Jocists regard economic individualism as defunct and try to popularize a Catholic social theory which has almost never met with favor in the U. S.: the joint management of industry by labor, capital, management and government, with all having equal rights, and with workers' benefits greatly increased over any of the standards modern capitalism has been willing to establish.

Conceivably, the nationalization of industry can fit into the Jocist pattern, according to the Belgian priest, although he adds that the Jocists do not advocate any one economic system on a world wide basis.

Reform of the economic system is not the chief interest of the Jocist. He

seeks, above all, to emphasize the revitalization of family life and the necessity for marriage preparation, and he demands a balanced recreational and educational program for workers.

The Jocists use a cell technique as the best means of putting over their ideas. They meet once a week in groups of seven or eight. The weekly meetings consist of a period of New Testament reading and study, followed by one of liturgy to emphasize the worship phase of the Catholic doctrine of the mystical Body of Christ. Finally there is a checkup and inquiry period during which the young people tell of situations in their own factories which they wish to remedy. After the workers describe the particular problems they wish to solve, they compare notes, advise one another, and decide on a course of action which is to be followed for the coming week and then reported on at the next session.

As an observer, I sat in on a cell meeting at Montreal. It was typical, except that it was composed of both boys and girls, some of them factory workers, others office workers; in the ordinary Jocist cell the groups are separated according to sex, occupation and age.

The group I observed explained some of the problems they had dealt with in their own cells at home. One American shipping clerk told how he went around trying to get his fellow workers to join a labor union. The biggest obstacle, he said, was the communist label which had been given labor unions by the secular press. A Chicago

worker told how his cell, consisting of several young factory workers in his own neighborhood, devoted its efforts for several weeks to counteracting the anti-Negro prejudice which flared up when some Negro veterans were moved into a new veterans' housing project. One girl told of methods her cell used to collect funds for a sick girl in an office in which one of the cell girls worked. Another told how she and another Jocist in her office went on a personal and effective campaign to improve conditions in the filing department of the firm which employed them.

"Observe, judge, act" is the basic idea of the Jocist method. The observation comes from a close analysis of working or social conditions affecting a particular group of workers; the judgment comes at the cell meeting when the small group compares notes and decides on the course of action which the particular Jocist is to carry out after the meeting adjourns.

The delegates at Montreal were an interesting composite of the world's workers. There were Chinese, Japanese, Negroes and whites meeting in three sections each day. They were divided into English, French, and Spanish-speaking sections, and then in joint sessions translators summarized what had happened previously and served as interpreters. The European workers presented an interesting study in contrasts. There were boys and girls from the French underground. They seemed physically aged far beyond their years and had a maturity which

started the American onlooker. They talked freely with the German delegates, including a former nazi flier who was led into Jocism through the sales talk of a French slave laborer. The German delegates were the newcomers, but they listened attentively and took an active part.

Jocism is not an exclusively Catholic movement. Non-Catholics, with or without religious affiliation, are invited to join. Nevertheless, the movement is basically Catholic rather than inter-faith because the cell movement involves the study of the Catholic version of the New Testament and the Catholic doctrine of the mystical Body. Catholic priests are chaplains.

Canon Cardijn, despite his age, remains the spark plug. "There must be a new working class, a new working

youth conscious of their dignity," he told the attentive delegates in the modernistic classrooms of the University of Montreal. "No more must they be machines, beasts of burden, slaves. Workers are sons of God and His collaborators in the work of creation and redemption."

The founder belittles the idea that Jocism is essentially an anti-communist movement. He emphasizes what he considers the positive program of the movement which, he adds, spreads Christianity first and by so doing undermines all social evils, including communism. "A church of riches, a capitalistic church is not a church of Christ," says the Belgian canon. "The church of Christ is for all—it is for the laborers. Our problem is the re-Christianization of the world."



### *Dominus Vobiscum*

English-speaking people, a thousand years ago, meeting one another, said, *Hal beo thu*. Of that expression only the first and last sounds are now retained, *hal* and *u*. The combination of the two syllables is *halu*, from which we have our word *hello*. *Hal beo thu* meant "Wholeness be to thee," or "Be thou whole."

In God's eternal plan, man was to live in a supernatural state through participating in the divine life. Man is "whole" only when he has God with him, and within him.

The people said the same thing in different words, when parting. "God be with ye" was expressed, "God b' wi' ye," now contracted to *Good-by*. *Hello* and *Good-by* are, therefore, prayers that others may have God with them. For when a person has God, he has All. That is why the priest turns to the congregation seven times during Mass, and says *Dominus vobiscum*, "May the Lord be with you."

William F. Furlong in the *CYO News* (Nov. '44).

*And not to trap*

## *The Trappists Go to Utah*

By THOMAS MERTON

Condensed from the *Commonweal*\*



WHEN St. Louis citizens went to breakfast July 7, this year, they found strange headlines. "Monks in locked car in station yards." Pursuing the subject, they discovered that the monks were the silent Trappists. (In the secular newspapers Trappists always end up by being saddled with a "vow of silence.") The car had been there for hours, and the monks were inside with the blinds down, and curious people were outside in the hot sun, and one porter and three yard detectives were keeping the people on the outside from getting at the monks on the inside. Either that, or they were keeping the monks in the car from escaping. No one could be quite sure which. But in any case, someone on the inside was saying Mass.

That is more or less the way it is every time the Cistercians of the Strict Observance get into the headlines. Newspapermen never seem to figure them out, and with all good will invariably end up by making the monks look like solemn idiots.

The truth about the men in that car is that they were very happy and very human men calmly going about a piece

of work that had been assigned to them.

There were 35 of them. Thirty-four were Trappist monks, Brothers and novices from Gethsemani, Ky. The 35th was their abbot, Dom Mary Fred-eric Dunne, the first native-born American to survive the austerity of Cister-rican life at Gethsemani, where he entered in 1894. He was taking them to Huntsville, Utah, to make Gethsem-ani's second foundation in three years.

The growth of the ancient abbey at Gethsemani (100 years old next year) has been phenomenal. It is nothing unusual to see ex-service men four and five deep in the chapter room exchanging khaki for the white cloak of a choir novice or the brown cape of a Brother. They haven't had room to sleep; cubicles have been fixed in every odd corner—and still they keep com- ing.

Two bitter world wars have taught America something about asceticism, prayer, penance; and grace has given young men something of a thirst for the knowledge of God that is to be had only by those who love Him and give themselves to His service alone.

Every moment of the three days'

\*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. Aug. 29, 1947.



journey was assigned, as far as possible, to some function prescribed in Cistercian usages. The monks recited the canonical Office and the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. They made their meditations and read books. They held their daily chapter with martyrology and all, even the abbot's explanation of their rule. The only thing omitted was the chapter of faults. The monks got up later than usual, remaining in their berths until 4:30 A.M., but the reason was that they went to bed later at night. No sleeping was allowed outside the regular time, and the rule of silence was kept strictly as usual.

Of course, Cistercian silence is conditional. The superior can always give permission to speak. But permission is not given at random, even on a train journey. At one point several monks were gathered around the abbot, who had a map of the country they were going through. They were discussing the landscape. One of the priests, a voluble little man from whom the rule demands considerable self-control, was trying to inveigle permission to tell a funny story. He was consistently rebuffed. Finally he said meekly, but insistently, "Reverend Father, may I say something that has practical value?"

"Yes," said the abbot, "go away and say three Our Fathers."

The newspaper statement that the monks traveled three-quarters of the way across the continent "unseen and unseeing," with the blinds down all the way to Utah, was too picturesque to be true. Trappists are, among other things, farmers. And they took a con-

siderable interest in the corn growing in Missouri and the wheat being harvested in Kansas. But they are, above all, contemplatives; and the Rocky Mountains are nothing to be despised.

The site of the new monastery is one of the most perfect settings in the world for the contemplative life. The monks have purchased a 1,640-acre ranch at the head of the Ogden valley, about 18 miles east of Ogden. It is reached by road through a long canyon carved out of rock by the Ogden river. At some 2,000 feet above Ogden, the valley broadens out and the Cistercians have settled in a mile-wide bowl among hills covered with sagebrush and ringed by high mountains.

The spot is wild and lonely. To the east is nothing but wilderness, a paradise for hunters, who in the past made the ranch their base. Deer come down to drink at one of the two plentiful springs on the Trappists' ranch, and about the only sound in the valley is the howling of coyotes on the mountainside. At least, that was all until the Cistercians set up their bell and began to ring it for Office and Mass.

The silent, arid rocks, magnificent in their stark beauty, seem to have been waiting thousands of years for the coming of the monks. Contemplatives are chosen by God to be the voice of His whole creation, praising and adoring Him for the inanimate and brute beings that cannot praise Him, as well as for those who have reason but will not adore Him, or have no time.

However, it must not be imagined that the Cistercians fell on their knees

and remained in prayer for the rest of the week. When a monastery is founded things never seem that simple.

Since there had been no dwellings on the property, a contract had been made for six sections of war-service barracks used in housing German and Italian prisoners during the war. But the monks found only a part of the accommodations in readiness; lumber and materials cluttered the area. They cleared a way and Mass was said and all broke their fast about 4 in the afternoon, except for the cellarer down in Ogden supervising the baggage. He came home at 6 P.M., hoping for Communion, but he had been forgotten in the confusion.

For the next few days the monks slept on the floor or on the predellas of altars in the barrack that was at once chapel, chapter room, refectory and dormitory, cloister, cellar, store-room and workshop. Secular workmen who were supposed to be helping the Trappists get installed kept going off to do more lucrative jobs, and when the centenary of Brigham Young's arrival in Utah was celebrated barely two weeks later, the workmen made a long week end of it. The monks were not sorry, because they got a chance to have the Blessed Sacrament reserved during that time.

It was more than two weeks before everything was in order and it was possible to begin leading their regular life. But even now, and for many months to come, manual labor will absorb more of the monks' day than is usually prescribed.

A tremendous amount of work must be done before the new monastery of Our Lady of the Most Holy Trinity becomes a complete and self-sufficing Cistercian unit. The monks have only a ranch with plenty of wheat and hay. They must build an entire farm and monastery from the ground up. First of all is the problem of water. Utah is the land of dry farming and irrigation. The best spring on the monks' land is plentiful indeed, but it is a long distance from the good building sites. Unless a spring nearer at hand is tapped, the monks face the labor and expense of a mile-long pipe line. They now walk the distance with milk cans every day. Several large reservoirs must be built, including tanks to catch and store melting snow in spring. In Utah, every drop of water is worth money, and the monastery possesses a handful of water-right shares which give it a claim on the organized and rationed supply.

The monks do not intend to spend the winter in army huts if they can avoid it. A temporary monastery is already under construction. It will be of metal quonset huts, but will be one of the most elaborate quonset structures every attempted. It will contain everything that belongs to a Cistercian monastery, including church and cloister and all the regular places as well as a guesthouse for visitors and retreatants. The new two-story quadrangular building, centering upon a cloister garth, will be spacious and solid, since the monks may have to call it home for 20 or 25 years to come.

A site for a permanent monastery has been tentatively chosen on a hilltop which commands a vast view of the valley and the mountains. Just as important will be erection of barns and farm buildings and the formation of a herd of dairy cattle for the monastery's chief source of income. The monks will soon be manufacturing their famous Port du Salut cheese, although it is getting near the season of fasting, in which milk and cheese cease to play an important part in the monks' diet. Then there will have to be a garden and orchard, although it is improbable that they will attempt a vineyard. The land itself is extremely rich and promising. Digging the foundations of the temporary monastery, the monks often went through ten or 12 feet of topsoil. A little irrigation will give them splendid crops of potatoes, beets, celery, and all the other staples.

Long Utah winters present a problem; with no trees to fell and no wood to chop, the monks must find some indoor work to keep them busy when the snow lies deep on their valley. And it does lie deep there; last winter some 200 inches fell.

The Trappists have had a little difficulty in getting acclimated. The revolution in their regime upset many stomachs. Many kept getting violent nosebleeds for the first few days, until they got used to the high altitude.

To compensate for such trials were many consolations, the best of which was the ardent enthusiasm with which they were received, not only by the

Catholics, who are very much of a minority in Utah, but by non-Catholics as well. Bishop Duane Hunt of Salt Lake City worked hard to persuade Dom Frederic Dunne to make a foundation under so many handicaps. The coming of the Cistercians is an answer to many fervent pleas and prayers. The bishop told them that they were his "only hope." His diocese is one of the largest in the U. S., yet it occupies barely two pages in the *Catholic Directory*. Only half a dozen Religious Congregations and Orders are sparsely represented there. Nevertheless the Church is gradually growing.

How do the Mormons (75% of the population) feel about the Trappists? Individuals have proved very courteous and friendly. However, it is not likely that the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints will come out with a public pronouncement of welcome. Incidentally, when the monks were packing for the trip they seemed to have found nothing available except cardboard containers obtained from stores in Kentucky. If the Mormons were paying close attention as the monks detrained, they must have been scandalized to see so many boxes labeled *Schenley's* and *Green River*. Drinking liquor and coffee are capital sins of Mormonism. When they find that the monks do neither, the Latter Day Saints may feel a slight glow of official sympathy.

The work which the monks have come to do is above all the work of contemplation. What will no doubt have the most forcible immediate effect

on their neighbors will be their agricultural apostolate, their transformation of an arid valley into an Eden of orchards and gardens. But this is only secondary. The Cistercians have an apostolate, not of action but of union with God. Their apostolate is to fill themselves from the Source of the living waters, that grace may flow, through them, into the whole Church. Any secondary enterprise that clouds the purity of heart on which this vocation depends, tends necessarily to di-

minish the efficacy of the monks' work in the Church.

The Utah foundation will soon be followed by the first establishment of Trappistine nuns in the U.S. A site has already been selected in the Archdiocese of Boston. Such developments point to the final perfecting and maturing of the Church in America. Without a full representation of contemplative Orders, we cannot say, with complete confidence, that we have come of age.



## *The Strength of Tradition*

### *Among Sailors*

WHEN England was Catholic, every British warship carried a crucifix. On boarding their ships, British sailors still salute the quarter-deck, the place where it was formerly hung.—Ernest Hix.



### *Among Students*

ON a wall of England's Winchester college there is an empty niche that every student stops to salute. It is a custom, they are told, that is centuries old. They no longer know that the niche once held a statue of our Lady.—*Perpetual Help* (March '47).



### *Among Parishioners*

THERE is a little church in Jutland, Denmark, where members of the Protestant congregation have the strange custom of nodding to the wall as they enter. To all appearances the wall is blank. But the custom has been passed on from father to son for generations back. Nobody knew the reason for this strange gesture until a Copenhagen scientist removed the whitewash of 400 years and discovered a picture of our Lady from the times when Denmark was Catholic.—Quoted in the (Cork, Ireland) *Catholic Voice* (May '47).

*Read your mind, Mister?*

## *Fraudulent Telepathy*

By G. H. ESTABROOKS

Condensed chapter of a book\*



**T**ELEPATHY or mind reading may be possible, but numerous attempts to prove its existence under strictly scientific conditions have all failed.

Mind reading, as demonstrated on the stage, is probably always a trick performance. There are several techniques. In the first place, a great deal of information can be transmitted by a simple but clever arrangement of signals. Generally the so-called "medium," or "psychic," sits blindfolded on the stage; the blindfold is a ruse, since the medium can usually see through it.

The operator passes among the seats, selects certain objects from various persons in the audience and asks the medium on the stage what he has in his hand. A fairly simple code can here work wonders. As a rule, the form in which the question is put gives the information. For instance, "What have I here?" stands for one object. "What is this?" means another. "What am I holding?" stands for a third, and "What am I now holding?" would mean a fourth. The reader can see that by varying the questions an operator can indicate an almost endless series of objects. Good memory on both sides, and everything is ready for a mind-reading exhibition. All this is not diffi-


cult and can be performed by anyone with a little practice.

There are, however, certain stage performances that are more puzzling. Take the following example. The medium, blindfolded, sat on the stage, as usual. In this case, the blindfold was genuine. Her confederate walked among the people in the audience, accepted any and all objects, and the lady on the stage immediately told him exactly what he had in his hand. She could answer the most detailed questions correctly and never made a mistake. The uncanny thing about the entire performance was that the man who was walking around in the audience never said a word. He would accept an object, then stand bolt upright in the middle of the aisle and not move a muscle. Yet the lady on the stage would describe the object in the most astounding fashion.

Remarkable? Yes, an unusually clever trick but simple when we understand how it is done. There were wires under the carpet in the aisles. At certain points in the pattern of the carpet these wires came to the surface, forming contacts with metal plates on the shoes of the man. From the metal plates wires led up to a powerful microphone concealed under his shirt.

\*Spiritism. 1947. E. P. Dutton & Co., 286-302 4th Ave., New York City, 10. 234 pp. \$3.





All this man had to do on receiving an object was to stand in the aisle with his feet on the contacts. Then he whispered very softly the information which the mind reader needed. The microphone picked it up and carried it to the lady on the stage, who had the receiving apparatus concealed in her hair.

An even more puzzling case would be the following. The operator has no one working with him, at least so far as can be seen. He certainly has no one in the audience assisting him. He passes out little pieces of blank paper to the audience and asks them to write on the slips questions that they wish answered. He does not collect the questions nor does he have confederates in the theater. Yet he returns to the stage and proceeds to answer the questions in the most astounding manner.

The operator in this case had concealed a half dozen powerful microphones under seats in various parts of the audience. The wires led up to the stage and behind the curtain, where six confederates listened in. This would be exactly the same thing as having six very keen pairs of ears in the audience reporting all the conversations to the stage.

Now we will suppose someone in the audience wishes the number of his bankbook. He tells his friend that he will write down this request. Then he suddenly realizes that he does not know the number himself so he takes out the bankbook and reads off the number to his friend, "137625." All this is instantly conveyed to the stage.

The microphone gives the subject's location in the audience. The operator, who has instantly received the news, looks down into his section of the house and requests the gentleman who wishes to know the number of his bankbook to stand up. He does so and the number he has mentioned to his friend is promptly given. A few happy hits would afford material for a whole evening, for the mind reader needs to have this exact information in not more than a half dozen cases.

The ways of the professional mind reader are devious. A man entered a London club recently and started an argument on the subject of mind reading. He frankly believed that it was possible. The other members of the club were not so sure. The talk became heated and finally the man who believed so firmly in telepathy began to offer bets.

He went on to say there was a person in London who could read minds with absolute certainty and that the mind reader did not have to see the sitter or know him beforehand. He bet £100 with a skeptic.

Then he told the club members to select a playing card. They chose the ace of clubs. He then instructed them to call up Mr. Jones at Trafalgar 1192 and ask him what card they were thinking of. The challenger himself did not go anywhere near the telephone. To their utter astonishment Mr. Jones immediately named the ace of clubs. The originator of the little scheme forthwith collected his money and departed.

Wonderful? Yes, wonderful in its simplicity. Two hours later he was at another club playing the same trick. A member of the first club was on hand, but decided to keep silent and try to solve the riddle. Once again a bet was made. Again the card was chosen; this time the nine of diamonds. Again the request to call up Trafalgar 1192 and ask—here the representative of the first hoax pricked up his ears—Mr. White to name the card. Mr. White obliged, the mind-reading advocate collected his bet and was about to leave. But the first victim had been doing some quick thinking. How many people were living at Trafalgar 1192 anyhow?

He started a little argument all his own. If Mr. White could do it once, he could do it twice. One hundred pounds more said he could not. There was an argument for an hour and then the instigator of all the trouble proposed a compromise. Mr. White, he knew, was out by now, but there were two professional mind readers living there. They could choose another card and perhaps the other man would be home. They chose the three of clubs, he told them to call up the same number and ask for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith immediately gave the right card and the jubilant winner was about to depart when he was taken in charge by a policeman.

You probably see the trick. A different name for every card in the pack. If the subject chooses the ace of clubs he is told to ask for Mr. Jones; if the two of clubs, for Mr. Green; if the three of clubs, for Mr. Smith, and so on. Only one telephone number was

necessary. The trick as performed would look absolutely convincing to the average individual. Actually the solution is so simple as to be almost unbelievable.

I have no quarrel whatsoever with the professional mind reader. Everyone enjoys watching his performance and the best of them are quite frank in admitting that what they do is merely a trick. But you must realize that if their performances were genuine every university in the country would be only too willing to give them credit. Actually they all keep a respectful distance from the psychological laboratory.

Could any one of them demonstrate mind reading to the satisfaction of the scientific world, his name would be published from one end of the country to the other. Such a demonstration, however, has never yet been given.

Nothing is more disconcerting than the attitude of the public on such matters. There seems to be some kind of an uncanny "will to believe"; people are itching to hear a good ghost story or to find evidence that proves conclusively that tables can float through the air or that man can read his brother's thoughts. But our best artists—Houdini, for instance—have been emphatic in their assertions that what they do is sheer trickery. How the average person could have watched Houdini do his marvelous stunts and then thought himself capable of judging the happenings at a mediumistic seance held in total darkness is a mystery.

When I conducted my own research

in telepathy at Harvard, I extended an open invitation to all who should care to demonstrate. The conditions, however, were that I should prescribe such conditions of control as I saw fit, reserve the right to call in an expert magician for advice at any time, and discontinue the sittings—always held at the laboratory—on the slightest evidence of fraud.

The results were extremely revealing. For instance, I was once running a series of telepathic experiments with playing cards under conditions which I would have sworn were fraudproof. The mind reader sat in one room and the agent or the individual whose mind was to be read was seated in another. The cards were shuffled after each guess and the pack cut with a knife so as to make sure of a chance selection only. The agent then concentrated on the card chosen and tried to force the mind reader in the next room to name the card. The signals that a card had been chosen were given by a clockwork apparatus which sounded like an electric telegraph key. The signals came at certain definite intervals and were never interfered with in any way. I was always present with the sender during the entire experiment.

Under such conditions, I assumed fraud to be impossible. The experiments were with college students. They came in pairs and one would act as agent or sender, the other as percipient or mind reader. Then they reversed their roles. The nature of the experiment called for a large number of these couples. One particular pair came and

engaged in the experiment. Next day this same pair came and boldly announced that they could make the fraudproof conditions look ludicrous. They were told they were talking nonsense, but when they offered to bet the price of a supper that they could demonstrate, we set to work.

I took all the usual precautions. They sat in different rooms separated by double doors. I sat with the sender, cut, shuffled and chose the cards to be guessed and made sure that no one touched the automatic signaling apparatus. We gravely went through an entire pack of 52 cards. Everything seemed perfectly normal and I felt sure of a free supper. I was keenly on the lookout for fraud and was convinced that the experiment was absolutely foolproof. Then we compared results. To my utter consternation the mind reader in the next room had guessed the color of the cards—red or black—correctly the entire fifty-two times. The chances against his doing so were well over one million to one. Obviously I had been hoaxed in an experiment which I set up myself and was willing to vouch for. Had I been fooled by a trained magician I would have felt a little better but to be tricked by a couple of college sophomores was a real blow to my pride.

But the worst was yet to come. I was also in the habit of carrying on these experiments with the entire length of the laboratory between receiver and sender. This meant 100 feet of hallways and four doors. The two budding magicians now offered to put through

the same performance under these more difficult conditions. Once again we risked suppers on the result. As before, all the doors were closed, I shuffled, cut and chose the cards, and the signals were controlled by the clockwork apparatus so that no one could interfere. A thorough inspection of all the rooms yielded nothing and it seemed absurd for anyone to propose fraud under the circumstances.

Once again, we went through an entire pack of cards and again the students got the color of the cards right 52 times. This they did despite the fact that I knew they were trying their best to practice fraud and that I was on the alert for any indication of it. The sender allowed me to open the doors whenever I felt like it, examine him, in fact, do anything I chose. It was all of no avail. This, too, in a laboratory and under my own supervision.

I begged for two days in which to try to solve the puzzle but could get nowhere. I was looking for an intricate and complex apparatus or some regular magicians' trick. Bribery to the extent of two theater tickets finally revealed the secret.

When the cards came up as expected, no signal of any kind passed between the two. That meant that the receiver was to put down black if the card was an even number in the series of 52—as the 10th, 18th or 42nd guess—and a red card if an odd number. But that left, of course, those times when the cards did not come out this way. It was simple. The rooms adjoin-

ed each other and in spite of the double doors between them, any sound such as a cough, a voice or the scraping of a chair could be clearly heard. When the cards did not come up as they had agreed to expect—say a black card came up on the 13th guess—the sender simply made some noise. He would clear his throat, or shift his chair or do anything to break the silence, but always in a perfectly natural manner so as not to attract attention. The hoax was an absolute success.

Then came the question of signaling between the distant rooms. Once again their hoax was beautiful in its simplicity. They got a confederate and concealed him in a room down the hall close to the receiver. He commanded a full view of the hall and of the closed door to our room. They had arranged to have this meeting in the evening and had taken care to dim the hall lights. As a result, the bright light from the room shone clearly out through the crack between the door and the floor. Their confederate used a pair of field glasses. All knew the regular procedure and the sender realized that his shadow would obscure the light from the table lamp. He sat in such a way that it did so, which was his normal place and so did not excite suspicion. Then when the cards were coming as expected—red on odd, black on even guesses—he remained perfectly still. When not, he simply shifted a shoulder a couple of inches. This allowed a telltale beam of light to flash out under the door. The confederate instantly relayed this to the receiver

by a little tapping system, and they were ready to carry on indefinitely.

You must realize that you are no match for a clever fraudulent medium. This point is one which annoys the average psychologist to the verge of tears. For instance, a friend of mine insisted on going to see a certain medium who had been caught in fraud several times. He then returned with wonderful stories of what happened and expected me to tell him in detail how it was done or else admit her to be a genuine spirit medium. The point is that I did not know, nor particularly care, just how every individual trick was done. When a medium was once exposed, I simply refused to examine further. She could go on setting puzzles until the crack of doom were I patient enough to attempt to solve them.

The astonishing case of Clever Hans and the Horses of Elberfeld would seem to justify us in taking the greatest precaution. A power which seems to be supernormal may be explained by sensory acuteness. Clever Hans was a horse owned by Herr von Osten of Germany, and could perform wonders as a mathematician. After the death of Von Osten, another man by the name of Drall trained a number of horses so that they could give the same performance as Clever Hans. For instance, one of this latter group, called the Horses of Elberfeld, worked out the following equation.

$$4\sqrt{2825761} - 4\sqrt{531441} = 14$$

The horses developed the most astounding ability to do arithmetic and

were objects of interest throughout all Germany. The foregoing example of extracting the fourth root would certainly tax the brain of any human mathematician, and yet one of the horses did it mentally, indicating the answer by pawing the ground the correct number of times. A series of investigations, however, showed that they really were not doing arithmetic at all. By some uncanny process they had picked up the trick of watching the individual who gave the problem. He was quite as anxious for them to succeed as they were. They would start pawing and keep an eye on the man who gave them the task and who, of course, knew the answer. When the horse pawed the correct number of times the man in question would always give an involuntary movement of expectation. This was the sign for the horse to stop. You should note that this movement on the man's part was quite unintentional in most cases, yet the horse had learned to pick it up and stop pawing in response to it. If the man who gave the problem was not present or if he gave a problem to which none there knew the answer, then the horses were absolutely lost and could do nothing.

This extraordinary acuteness of the senses in some animals reads like a fairy tale. Perhaps it is not so much acuteness of sense as an ability to pick up and react to tiny clues which would ordinarily pass unobserved. Consider the following. A certain experimenter was working on the sense of hearing in dogs. He wished to find out what



part of the ear registered high sounds and what part low sounds. He trained a dog to get a bone from a box on the right of the room when he sounded a high note and a dog biscuit from the left side when he sounded a low note. Then, all he had to do was to destroy certain parts of the dog's ear and watch the notes, high or low, to which the dog would first fail to react.

He did so, and was astounded to find that after he had destroyed the entire ear the dog still heard both the high and low notes perfectly! Obviously there was something wrong. A little ingenuity revealed the astounding facts that the dog was not paying the least attention to either high or low notes; he was intently watching his trainer.

When the experimenter struck a high note he gave a slight and wholly involuntary movement towards the right-hand side of the room. When it was a low note the movement was towards the left side. The dog was watching his movements and taking his cue from them, paying no attention to the notes to which he was supposed to react.

So marked is this canine trait that it has now become a rule, when experimenting with animals in the psychological laboratory, that the experimenter must, as far as possible, keep out of sight. If the psychologist is present where the animal can see him, he is likely to start reacting to the experimenter and not to the stimuli to which he is supposed to react.

You will appreciate that the psychologist, who sees these abilities in mere horses and dogs, will be very cautious about admitting the supernormal in man. If a horse or a dog can deceive a high-grade scientist—Clever Hans and the dog in question did—then surely a human being could practice deception even better.

Some human beings have peculiar abilities of which we know very little. The lightning calculator, for instance, can do sums mentally which a good mathematician must work out on paper; furthermore, he can do them more quickly and get them correct. In the Home for the Feeble Minded at Rome, N. Y., there were two boys who could not read nor write, and whose intelligence was about that of five-year-olds. Yet they could do mathematical feats that would shame the average college instructor in mathematics. How they did it is still a mystery, one which psychology hopes it will someday be able to unravel.

Blind Tom was a feeble-minded Negro child. He could neither read, write nor speak correctly, but he could reproduce almost any piece of music after hearing it once.

I cite these strange cases in order to show that there are remarkable powers in men and animals of which we know very little; and even the ordinary man or animal can play such weird pranks and do such unexpected things that scientists in general do not feel justified in calling on spirits and psychic forces to explain mind reading.

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Beerbohm, Max. *MAINLY ON THE AIR*. New York: Knopf. 142 pp. \$2. A dozen neat essays and broadcast talks on such diverse subjects as speed, advertisements, the top hat, and looking out a window. Wit and an exact sense for language.

Clough, Ben C., editor. *THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION AT WORK; Tall Tales and Folk Tales*. New York: Knopf. 707 pp. \$6. Unusual anthology of American literature. The marvelous and humorous in anecdote, exaggeration, and pure invention. Stories from all periods and aspects of our nation's life.

Hope, Wingfield. *LIFE TOGETHER*. New York: Sheed. 199 pp. \$2.50. The price of this book on the Christian concept of marriage is \$2.50, not \$2, as stated in a mention on page 25 of the September CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Jackson, Clarence S. *PICTURE MAKER OF THE OLD WEST: William H. Jackson*. New York: Scribner. 308 pp., illus. \$7.50. Photographer with an eye for western scenery follows the mining and railroad camps as they tame the desert and mountain wilderness in the 60's, 70's and 80's. His pictures, 393 of which are included, led Congress to preserve the Yellowstone area as a national park.

Lavery, Maura. *LIFFEY LANE; a novel*. New York: Longmans. 231 pp. \$2.50. Fine character drawing. Maturing of a girl's personality amidst crudities and sacrifice in a Dublin slum. Adult level.

Monro, Margaret T. *BLESSED MARGARET CLITHEROW*. New York: Longmans. 108 pp. \$2. A spirited housewife of York, one of the three women put to death for their faith in Elizabeth's reign. She belongs to the period when Englishmen were just beginning to feel serious alarm about the government's program of wiping out their traditional religion.

Nutting, Willis Dwight. *RECLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE*. Nevada City, Calif.: Berliner & Lanigan. 198 pp. \$3. Freedom to direct one's own life in its main outlines involves economic independence from other men. Most Americans have lost this, and the author's solution is a radical simplification of needs and a predominantly rural economy.

Pyle, Ernie. *HOME COUNTRY*. New York: Sloane. 472 pp. \$3.75. Observant reporter turned traveler depicts people, sights and customs in all regions of the U. S. A selection of Pyle's best work between 1935 and 1940.

Smith, Robert. *BASEBALL; a Historical Narrative of the Game*. New York: Simon & Schuster. 362 pp. \$3.50. Well-told tale of the national diversion. The young gentleman's game of Civil War times, and its later development, traced in the careers of the great players who gave each decade its own character.

Tavares de Sá, Hernane. *THE BRAZILIANS: People of Tomorrow*. New York: John Day. 248 pp. \$3. Entertaining but frank and factual description of Brazil by a Brazilian who knows how his country looks to a North American. Social customs, religion, the Vargas dictatorship, agriculture, and the beginnings of industry in a sprawling land not too well prepared for a growing role in hemisphere affairs.